

LIFE

The world's favorite
movie star is—no kidding—
Clint Eastwood



JULY 23 • 1971 • 50¢

Copyrighted material

Kent got it all together

Again!



Now there's King Size Kent Menthol too.

Now King size smokers can enjoy the same brisk, breezy flavor and the famous Micronite® Filter of Kent Menthol 100's.

Either way, King size or Deluxe 100's, Kent got it all together: all the refreshment of menthol, all the good things of a Kent.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

It takes a lot of power to look into a troubled heart.

The doctor injects photogenic dye into a coronary artery. X-ray cameras trace the dye so the doctor can observe the diseased heart in action on overhead television monitors. Video taping will also allow him to view it over and over again later.

New methods for accurately diagnosing and treating troubled hearts—the new technology at work in the Medical Center of the University of Alabama in Birmingham. Just one example of what's happening in hospitals across the country.

Multimillion-electron-volt betatrons treating cancer patients.

Banks of computers printing out everything from prescription labels to this week's payroll.

Whether ministering to the patient or administrating the hospital, the new technology has become a vital part of medicine. And versatile electricity is what keeps it going.

Just one medical center like Birmingham's uses as much electricity as a community of about 12,000 people.

Medicine, education, law enforcement, name almost any field, the new electric powered technology has arrived.

But that's just a piece of the growing demand for electricity.

Preserving, improving and in some cases reclaiming that elusive, much bandied about thing labeled "quality of life" is going to continue to take a lot more energy. Electric energy.

Twice as much in just the next ten years. That's what the experts say it will all add up to. Twice as much as we produce right now.

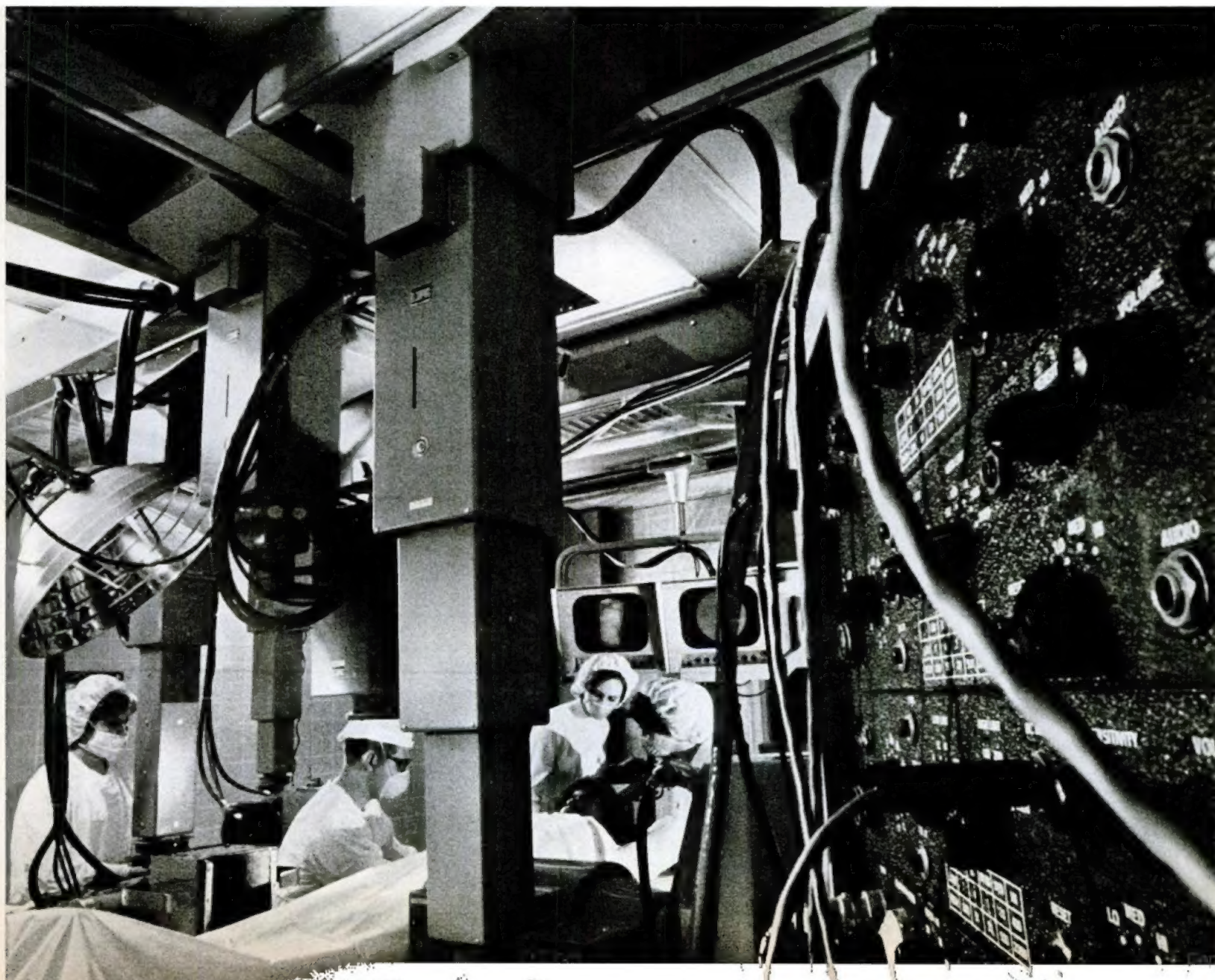
Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste.

New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019





Paul and Sharon Wonsack saved on an air conditioner last fall.



Saved on sheets and towels in January.



Saved on skates for the kids after the ice melted.



Cutlass S
Hardtop Coupe

So guess who's saving now on a brand-new Oldsmobile!

Maybe you're like Paul and Sharon, who never thought they could afford an Olds. Well, if so, you're in for a happy surprise! Olds dealers are clearing their '71 inventories—and smart shoppers are picking up the best deals of the year. This sharp, trim Cutlass S, for instance. A lot of car

—and all Olds, through and through—at a surprisingly modest price. (You'll find that extra value carries through to trade-in time, too.) Comparable bargains on Delta 88s with "G-Ride"... elegant Ninety-Eights... and Value-Rated used cars. So see your Olds dealer now!

There's a smart time to save on anything. Now's the smart time to save on an Olds.



Here are a few Oldsmobile safety features smart buyers can appreciate:



Energy-Absorbing Steering Column. For driver protection. Oldsmobile's Energy-Absorbing Steering Column telescopes upon severe impact.



Side-Guard Door Beams. These steel beams add extra strength to both front and rear doors for added security.



Cargo Guard. A steel barrier between trunk and passenger compartment in Olds sedans and coupes helps absorb cargo impact.



Flashing Side Markers. Side-Marker Lights indicate car's presence to other traffic and pedestrians; front lights flash to indicate turns.

But, remember... a car is only as safe as its driver. Drive defensively and always buckle up for safety's sake.

Oldsmobile
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD



CONTENTS

EDITORS' NOTE

Trying to Help the GI Addicts 20

An eleventh-hour search is on for the answer to heroin.
Photographed by Arthur Schatz

The 'Wild Beast' That Devours the Dry Forests 28

The worst forest fires of the century scar Arizona and
New Mexico. Photographed by Dick Swanson

Editorial 34

A chance to bargain on Vietnam

Hildegard Rides Again 36

A star-crossed actress becomes a best-selling author. By
Milton Orshesky

Gold-plated Regatta 38

Ocean racers gather for the Block Island races.
Photographed by George Silk

Who Can Stand 32,580 Seconds of Clint Eastwood? 44

Just about everybody, it turns out. He is the world's
favorite movie star. By Judy Fayard

Pungent Memories from Mr. Acheson 51

The former secretary of state is interviewed by Kenneth
Harris

The Camera Eye of Thomas Eakins 54

The famous painter was also a master photographer

Parting Shots 61

An American's streak at the chessboard
Some ghosts liven up a lecture hall
A rhubarb over co-ed little league

DEPARTMENTS

THE PRESIDENCY New Respect for "the old Dino." 4

By Hugh Sidey

GALLERY Marilyn Monroe when she was just Norma 6

Jean, photographed by William Burnside

REVIEWS 8-14

Critic Walter McQuade describes the building of an
instant city by architecture students

An underground repair manual for the Volkswagen is
thumbed through by Joseph Kastner

Cyclops discusses the debate on public vs. private TV
The Omnivorous Ape, by Lyall Watson, is reviewed by
Hugh Kenner

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 17

© 1971 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE
OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

COVER-BOB PETERSON 1-ANN BAYER 4-cartoon by RANAN LURIE 6,7-WILLIAM BURNSIDE 8-DAVID SUGARIN, drawing by LES WALKER-CARL ZASKORSKI, LES WALKER 14-PAITY STAMP 36, 37-WALTER SANDERS, HARRY REDL 44,45-BOB PETERSON, illustration by GEORGE ARTHUR 46, 47-BILL EPPER, CGE exc. t. it. BOB PETERSON 48-BOB PETERSON 51-GEORGE SKADDING 52-UPI 54 through 59-copied by HERBERT ORTH 61-OWANCOVER SUN-AP 62-IL. PROF. O.P. PEARSON; t. rt. LINDA MAK; bot. rt. BROWN BROTHERS 63-t. JOE MATTHEWS, ERIC SCHAA; cen. JOE MATTHEWS, ALFRED BLAKER, PROF. O.P. PEARSON; bot. cen. SALLSTEDTS BILDBYRA courtesy NOBLL FOUNDATION; bot. rt. EDWARD GOOCH 64-JOHN OLSON

July 23, 1971

Volume 71, Number 4

LIFE is published weekly except two issues yearly combining two issues in one by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscriptions \$10.00 a year; Canadian subscriptions \$12.00 a year; all other countries \$20.00. LIFE assumes no responsibility for loss of or damage to unsolicited articles, photographs or art. Readers who submit editorial materials should enclose a self-addressed return envelope with proper postage.

Nine days in a ward with drugs the topic

When assistant editor Jan Mason began looking into the subject of methadone, she expected to produce a story on the controversial use of this drug in the treatment of heroin addiction. But after talking to scientific researchers and scores of addicts, she deduced that instead of a general story on methadone, she should focus on an experimental treatment center. The story she was convinced we should do was Ward 4B2 of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Palo Alto, Calif. There, methadone is being used along with other therapy to treat Vietnam veterans who have become heroin addicts.

She then had to convince the addicts. "What are you going to say about us?" they wanted to know. Answer: She couldn't tell yet. "What's in it for us?" they asked. Answer: Perhaps nothing—but maybe something for other addicted veterans who weren't lucky enough to be in a treatment center. "How long will it take to do the story?" one addict asked. "A couple of hours?" Jan's answer: "Long enough so that we're going to become sick of each other."

During the week and a half she and photographer Art Schatz were at the center, bonds developed between reporter, photographer and subjects. At the outset, the men insisted that Jan's and Art's names be added to the official ward roster, and that the two report each morning at precisely 8:10 and stay on until their bedtime. They were made to take part in the intense self-examination that characterizes



JAN MASON

the therapy. Jan was severely criticized for her heavy smoking. "It annoyed me at first," she admits, "until I realized that they were trying to draw parallels to help me understand *their* problems." They watched ward softball games, and even stayed with the patients during the long hours they spent before the television set.

"Finally, both Art and I knew we had the story," Jan remembers. "And it was time to leave. But leaving was more difficult than we had thought." On the last night, the men insisted that Jan and Art join them for one final discussion. "You know all about us," they said. "We want to know something about you." One large puzzle: How did Jan know when to let Art take pictures, and how did Art know when to let Jan ask questions?

Schatz, who admits that when he started the story he had a bias against drug addicts, brought the final session to a close. Rising from the floor, the 5-foot-4-inch Korean war veteran put his arms around a 6-foot patient named Randy Boro, hugged him and said to the group: "We like you. We want to see you make it. Don't disappoint us."

Ralph Graves
RALPH GRAVES,
Managing Editor

This One



ZC10-BHS-DKLG copyrighted material

New respect for 'the old Dino'

I keep coming out wrong on the Pentagon papers. My regard for one of the chief "villains" keeps going up. I think that former Secretary of State Dean Rusk emerges from those innumerable pages—and from the ongoing tide of electronic comment—as a man of singular personal honor and devotion. That may not be what Daniel Ellsberg and the *New York Times* had in mind, but more than one person in this word-weary city has reached the same conclusion. "The old Dino," said one perennial skeptic (using the private, after-hours sobriquet for the Honorable Secretary), "may not have been right, but he was a man. He towers over the rest of these pygmies."

There is something in that, despite the Vietnam mess in which Rusk must share. ("There's plenty of blame for everyone," former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford always insisted.) The papers show that Rusk was warning back in 1961 that the United States would start down a long, tough road if troops were committed to South Vietnam. Nevertheless, that was the road he considered right for the nation when the issue was forced a few years later. It was not by any means a lonely position at the time. A lot of other important people were

marching that way too. But as success eluded the American troops, Rusk lost his comrades-in-arms. He did not, however, stuff the archives with memos casting doubt on others, or air his bitterness, or have the nighttime quivers about the policy he had recommended. Some people insist that this was a weakness. Maybe it was. But in this age of moral anguish, when brilliance is often taken as a license to make up new rules of social responsibility, there is something very appealing in Rusk's plain, old-fashioned sense of decency and loyalty. He still believes he was right, though he readily confesses to making errors along the way. History will be the judge, he says, and we must all wait for that.

A little more history about Rusk is on the way, though not from him. According to those who have scanned the proofs, Lyndon Johnson's forthcoming book, *The Vantage Point*, makes a pretty convincing case (with documents equal to any) that Rusk played a major part in leveling off the South Vietnam commitment and beginning to wind things down, starting with Johnson's curtailment of the bombing.

The thing that is so intriguing about Rusk is that he, more than any other living man except for L.B.J., was there when it really happened. He sat with John Kennedy in the critical hours. When the stories came up after J.F.K.'s death that the President had planned to replace Rusk because he had not measured up to expectations, the secretary said simply that he and Kennedy were the only two who knew their true relationship. It was an unsailable rebuttal.

He displayed the same granite self-control through the brutal assaults on him for being Lyndon Johnson's man. He was a participant in Johnson's small Tuesday lunches at the White House, where policy at the highest level was set. He was at the President's elbow early and late—in the bedroom, the bathroom, the office, on the phone, at the end of the cable and in a bunk in Air Force One. Rusk knew what the President believed and what orders were finally given.

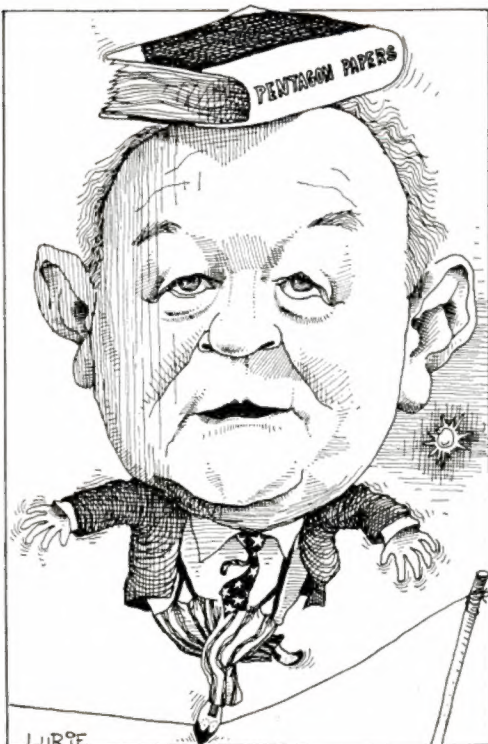
Rusk has said that he doesn't intend to write his own version of our Vietnam involvement. He will, from time to time, defend himself and the administrations he served—as he did recently on TV—when he feels the accusations on specific points have become excessive. But that is all. The passions, the moods, the man-

ners of the men who shaped events as Rusk saw and heard them will go with him to the grave.

He was influenced in this belief by his old boss, Gen. George C. Marshall, former chief of staff and former secretary of state. Marshall didn't believe that a man could write honestly about himself. So when Rusk's time was up, he said that he "buttoned my coat, put on my hat and walked out." He took with him his appointment books, which he promptly shipped off to the L.B.J. Library in Texas. Every other scrap of paper he considered government property—and left them in the State Department files.

Down there in Georgia, where he teaches international law at the University, he laughed over some of the ironies of the present controversy. He was on his way to a family reunion when he picked up a *New York Times* and noted the first story about the secret Pentagon study. A day or so later he got around to reading it. That was the first he knew about the study, and he wondered why nobody had called him when the study was made to ask if the thoughts ascribed to him were actually true. No facts in the report were that new to Rusk. He resented and rejected its conclusion that his administration had practiced wholesale deception while moving toward war. Did those "anonymous analysts," asked Rusk of a friend, have access to the notes from the Tuesday luncheons? "That's where it all came together in the President's mind. . . . There was never a leak from there." The handful of participants would scribble a few notes to themselves as Johnson talked, then go back to their offices and phone each other to make sure they were in agreement as to what the decisions had been. "People down the line had very little idea what went on in those meetings." And the idea that Johnson ever saw or seriously considered some assistant secretary's memorandum outlining what the President ought to do about domestic politics brought on another Rusk snort. "It's like Harry Truman used to tell us in the State Department," Rusk said. "Good policy is good politics. Besides, you fellows don't know anything about politics, so stay out of it and leave it to me."

There is a little of Harry Truman in what Rusk believes about decision-making in foreign policy: "The difference between the world of decision and the world of opinion is a vast difference. . . . Let's make them [the decisions] honestly and simply and take the consequences."



The sniff that launched a million sips.

Scratch the tape then sniff the tape for the world's driest martini

Back in 1870, Fleischmann developed the world's first dry gin. We still make the driest. To tempt you to try it, we've even taped the scent of our Fleischmann's martini right on this page. Scratch this

piece of tape with your fingernail, lift page to nose, sniff tape. We hope that once you have taken a whiff of our martini, you won't be satisfied until you have a taste. Then you'll be extremely satisfied.

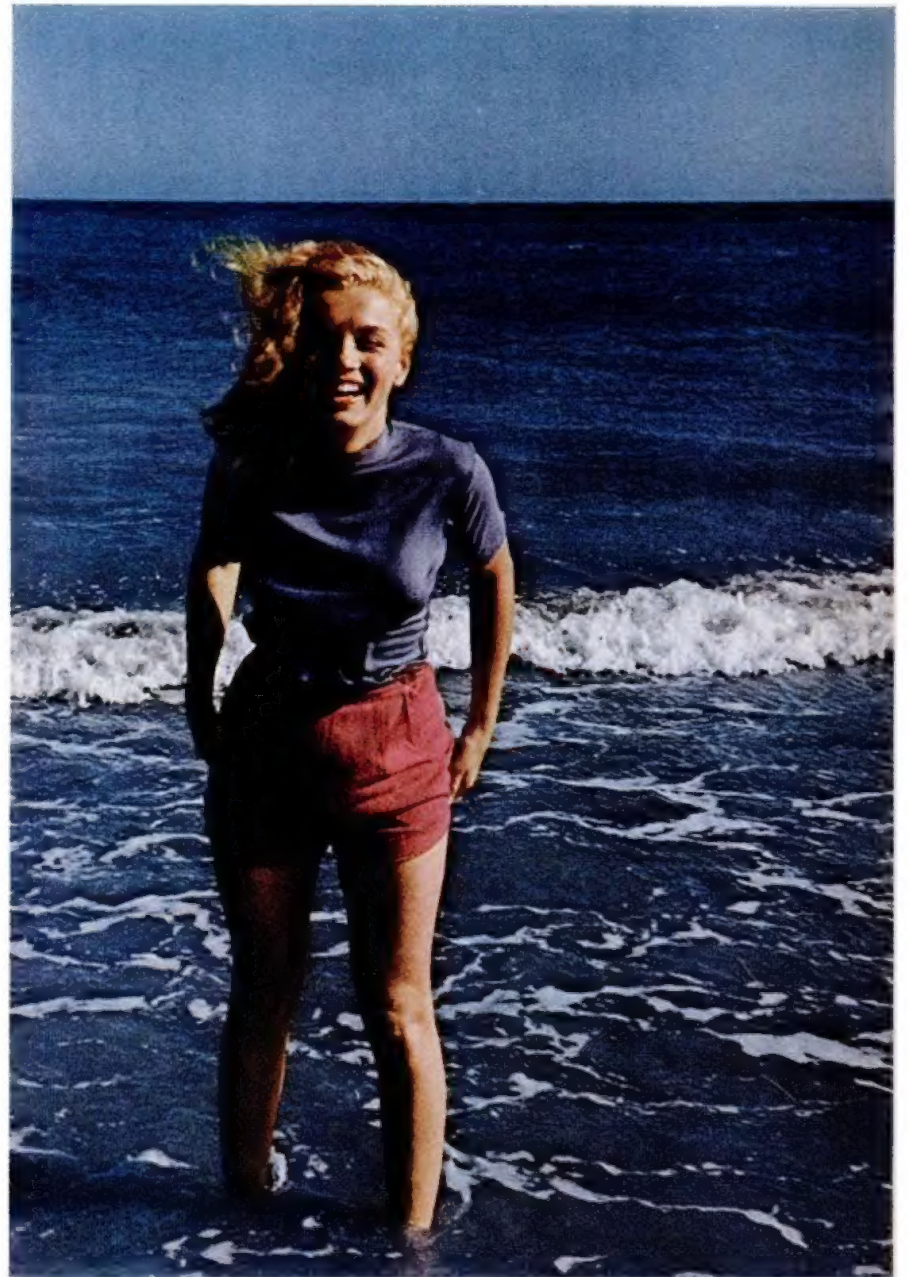
scratch n' sniff



Fleischmann's. World's driest gin.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

Copyrighted material



GALLERY

Young Marilyn Monroe before the wave

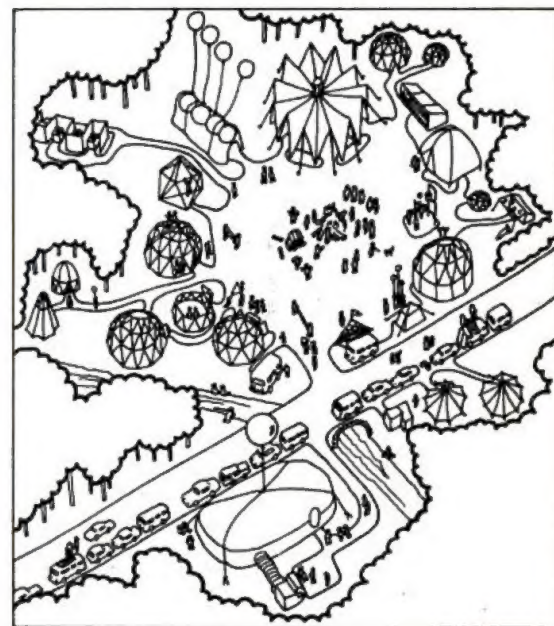
In 1947, when Marilyn Monroe was only 19 and still very much Norma Jean, she was out of work in Hollywood, trying without success to make ends meet by modeling. A friend, William Burnside, tried to help out by introducing her to a famous fashion photog-

rapher named Paul Hesse. Unfortunately, Hesse pronounced young Norma Jean "too fat" and made her cry. To patch things up, Burnside took her down to the beach and made these previously unpublished pictures of a girl who was never really too fat at all.





Cornell architects' habitable plastic pillow



Helicopter's-eye-sketch of the ideal Quick City

LIFE ARCHITECTURE REVIEW

Momentary community for a mobile era

WHIZ BANG QUICK CITY

The poster proclaimed: "Whiz Bang Quick City will be a new way of urban life—designed by you—on the spot—spontaneously. Picture 500 people converging on a 50-acre wooded site, with a bunch of prefab, do-it-ourselves parts (tents, inflatables, etc.) and building a city in one day! Zoning, codes, rules, morals—the shape of the community both physical and social—will be dictated by your values and needs. Quick City will 'happen.' What will it be? You've got to be there—it won't be the same without you."

Copies went out from the school of architecture of the City College of New York to be posted on the bulletin boards of other architecture schools, an invitation to design students to get away from the conventional tedium of paper life, the drawing of buildings that would never be built. Contingents of undergraduates from Cornell, Harvard, Parsons School of Design and Columbia, as well as CCNY, responded, with a scattering from a dozen other schools.

There was a serious initial hitch. When about 200 prospective builders turned up at the site in Hartford, N.Y. near Glens Falls, one unseasonably cold

April morn, the local police were on hand. The citizenry, groaning at the prospect of "another Woodstock," had secured a court injunction to prevent the gathering. After arguing fruitlessly, the students sighed and drove on to the real Woodstock, where 1,000 acres were available. What happened there during the next several days was an event worthy of that historic sward.

"We didn't want to sit around and have a lot of hi-fi shattered at us. That's spectator sport," said Les Walker, 31, and Rob Mangurian, 30, the design instructors who sent out the poster. "We wanted to let our classes put up an expression of young people's needs and wants. No elaborate preplanning—no 'linear city,' no 'radial city'—that's for the real estate developers. Something new, that would evolve itself." Their poster had promised Quick City as "the first day of the rest of your life."

First a set of campfires flared. Out of car trunks and knapsacks came premade temporary habitations of ingenious variety, dreamed up in college drafting rooms, using cheap materials. For their CCNY students, Mangurian and Walker had bought \$300 worth

of polyethylene, which was grabbed up eagerly. In the Woodstock woods the first yardage reappeared in the form of a skyhook tent—no poles, held up instead by helium-filled balloons at the ridge. Homemade geodesic domes were framed cheaply with conduit pipe. Someone ran out of plastic and fell back on his mother's flowered shower curtain.

Harvard's sophisticated solution was a hyperbolic paraboloid. Cornell's was an immense plastic pillow, manufactured out of two sheets of plastic that had been ironed together back in Ithaca. Best of all, it had an umbilical-like tube running out to a space heater that pumped in warm air, a luxury on those freezing nights. Surplus parachutes were pitched here and there; there were aerial structures in the trees, with floors raised off the cold ground.

A main street came into being, with the larger structures spaced out along it. Some students moved off into the deeper woods and formed suburbs. In between Main Street and the suburbs was a less coherent zone which the CCNY planners christened Queens. The populace wandered from fire to fire, munching frankfurters, visiting, snapping pictures. The optimum neighborhood population evolved as that number who could comfortably sit around one campfire. There were no loudspeakers, but there were guitars.

Whiz Bang Quick City folded after five days. The woods were given back to nature virtually intact; chemical toilets and other debris were dismantled, burned, buried, scattered. Another poster will go out from Mangurian and Walker next spring. The planning will have to be very good; there will be a cast of thousands. What Walker and Mangurian are not worried about, however, is Architecture. This coming generation of architects maintains stubbornly that appearances as such are not important any more, either in the woods or in the cities—only site planning, comfortable neighborhoods and the functional qualities of the interior space.

Yet their own personal design is consistent. It can be predicted on the basis of the first bivouac that Quick City II will have real architectural style. Not colonial, not Tudor, not merely modern, not the up-to-the-moment perfection of a spaceship design—but the satisfying style of a beautifully constructed kite.

by Walter McQuade

Mr. McQuade, a FORTUNE editor, is a member of the New York City Planning Commission.



CCNY's dome, \$10 worth of cardboard



New-style tepee, a surplus parachute



**Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.**

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

When it's swim time



you don't have to make excuses



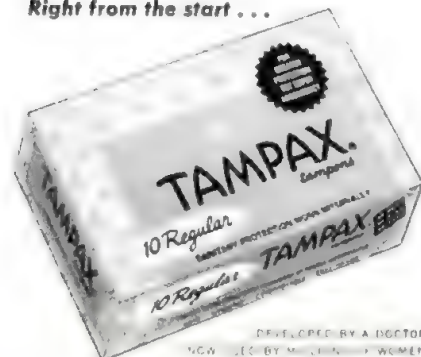
"I've a cold." "Don't want to get my hair wet."

How many times have you made those obvious excuses to get out of swimming because you had your period? No little white lies necessary when you use internally worn Tampax tampons. You can swim anytime.

There are no pins, pads or belts. So no one will know. And softly compressed Tampax tampons keep you fresh and comfortable, right from the start.

Get the protection and freedom you need. And you can be a water baby all summer long.

Right from the start . . .



TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

LIFE COMMENT

Speak softly to your little Bug

AN UNDERGROUND REPAIR MANUAL

I bought my first Volkswagen back in the days when the little cars were barely synchro-meshed, had split rear windows and were so rarely on the road that when two VWs passed each other, they would start waving their semaphore directional arms at each other as a sign of special camaraderie. In the decades since, I have suffered the normal frustrations of trying to keep a succession of VWs running. And only now have I learned what I've been doing wrong. My involvement has been largely financial. It should have been emotional.

This has been revealed to me in a best-selling love story, thinly disguised as an amateur auto mechanic's manual. Like those other best sellers, it asks a question: what do you do with an 11-year-old Volkswagen that is ready to die? The answer is, give it plenty of love.

The book is called *How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive: A Manual of Step by Step Procedures for the Compleat Idiot*. Privately printed by the author, set in typewriter type, paper-backed and spiral bound, never promoted in any Establishment book review, it has gone into five underground editions and sold 60,000 copies in a year and a half. Though it seems fey in its philosophy, it is unrelentingly hard-nosed in telling you how to deal with a fan belt or a piston, to say nothing of a differential or a camshaft or a solenoid—all of which, it argues convincingly, anyone can do if he simply follows instructions.

The book expects nothing of its readers but ignorance and ineptitude, emphasizing this with a title page that shows a VW owner looking for his engine under the front hood. The explanations are painfully patient and almost beyond misunderstanding.



Take, for example, the start of the section on how to bleed the brakes: "A bleeder bolt is a bolt screwed into the back of the wheel cylinder through the brake plate, and the brake plate is behind the brake drum (toward the center of the car). Lie down under the car beside the wheel and look for the bleeder bolt next to where the brake line (the flexible line) is attached. It should be identifiable by the rubber cap on it, but sometimes they get knocked off. One thing that will identify it is a hole in the top under the rubber cap." (Once you find the bolt and take it off, all you do is lie there while a friend pumps the brake to force excess fluid out.) The same lucidity persists through the most complex procedures, even through the section on taking an engine apart and putting it back together again. This feat, the author reports, was accomplished by a friend who'd never before had a tool in his hands. It took him 14 afternoons, including one afternoon taken up with staring at the engine in a box after he had totally dismembered it.

The author has been through it all himself. His name is John Muir, and when he was working as an expatriate auto mechanic in a Mexican art colony a few years ago, so many of his needy artistic friends asked for advice on how they could repair their VWs that he wrote a book about it. Big-time publishers would love to get their hands on it (his first edition sold out in six weeks) but Muir has so far resisted all offers. "We're all doing

very nicely," he says, in characteristic auto-repair hyperbole.

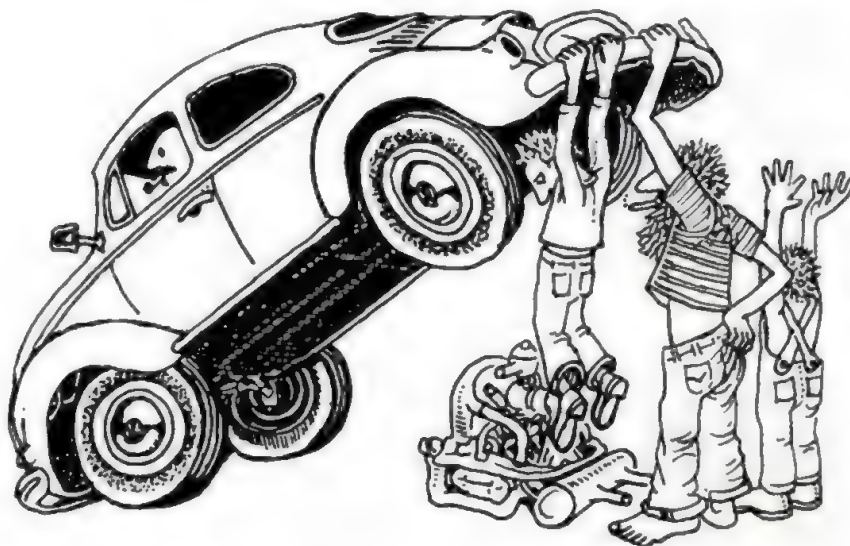
Like Norman Mailer, who in his moon-shot book expounded on the psychology of machines, Muir considers that a VW has a mind and will of its own and reacts in almost human terms. Never rotate the tires on your car, he says (in one of the several heresies he propounds), because the changes give the VW's front end a feeling of insecurity which it manifests "by wandering mindlessly across the road, impulsively darting here and there and making nerve-racking noises." He advises that you "talk to the car, then shut up and listen to it. It is up to you to understand its trip. When you find out what it needs, seek out the operation and perform it with love." And tenderly. "Use a rubber hammer to break the crankcase seam open. Never use any sharp instrument. Tap gently" and, his voice rising into upper case: "DO NOT MUCK UP THE SEALING EDGE."

Clearly the book is not for the love 'em and leave 'em type. In fact, in its insistence that the VW should enjoy you as much as you enjoy it, it sometimes sounds like a marriage manual. It does not, however, tell all. "Because of my reactionary position on the automatic choke," Muir grumps, "I refuse to tell you how to adjust it. But I will tell you how not to make it work," adding that "disarming the choke is very much like putting your engine on a macrobiotic diet."

That last remark—along with the special advice that readers put their stocking caps on before leaning over a moving engine lest their hair get caught in the fan belt—made me realize that the time for me to profit by the book had long since passed. For all its usefulness, and all its money-saving help, the success of *How to Keep Your Volkswagen Alive* probably lies in its extension of a younger generation's conviction that love can cure any of the ills of modern society, even an ailing Bug.

by Joseph Kastner

Mr. Kastner, as a commuting LIFE Copy Editor, spent many years repairing ailing syntax and Bugs.





Sure you could get a perfectly good
suntan in your own back yard.

Sure you can do without the best things
in life. But why?

Why not treat yourself to a smoother, lighter
whisky—Canadian Lord Calvert.

It tastes smoother because we blend it from
the subtly complementary
whiskies of our own five distilleries.

You'll like drinking a whisky
that's uncommonly good.

Canadian Lord Calvert.
Sure you can do without the best, but you don't have to.



Imported Canadian Whisky • A Blend • 50 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

© Copyright 1988

Some public credit where it's due

PUBLIC VS. PRIVATE TV

On a recent summer Sunday, the *New York Times* devoted its television page entirely to articles on public TV. There was nothing sinister about it. Unless you count the Apollo 15 lift-off next week, or the terrible suspense of extra-inning baseball games, or Lloyd Bridges pretending to be Thomas Jefferson on *Continental Congress*, there is really very little to look forward to on commercial television until August, when Sonny and Cher take over Ed Sullivan's variety slot. What's an editor or a reviewer to do? He can meditate on the fate of poor Susan Saint-James, who has been sentenced after the cancellation of *The Name of the Game* to be Rock Hudson's wife in a new fall series. He can make snide remarks about reruns: *The Men from Shiloh* recently repeated a 1969 *Virginian* episode; *Guns of the Valley* went all the way back to 1967 for some healthy violence. Or he can, in desperation, take a long look at the only TV network whose season doesn't end in March.

TV Guide was moved to write an editorial about the *Times* television page. Now, *TV Guide* is about as critical of the industry as the backs of cereal boxes are critical of their contents. It consists of program listings inside a sandwich of press releases, a seemingly endless stream of sneak-peeks at the psychology of television stars (Troy Donohue wants to play *Hamlet* because he was frightened by a bottle of Man-Tan when he was six months old), and a sort of institutionalized defensiveness: why is everybody picking on us? (Nick Johnson emerges from the bound volumes of *TV Guide* as a publicity-seeking meanie. It's like those producers who mutter about "highbrow" critics. Apparently, a "highbrow" critic is a critic who doesn't like what he sees.)

As late as spring 1968, *TV Guide* was publishing such articles as the one that told us plain, ordinary commercial TV provides "automatic, first-step reading lessons," that televised baseball games and quiz shows teach children arithmetic, that Dean Martin teaches all of us Italian, and that *Dr. Kildare* and *Ben Casey* teach "some useful things about psychoanalysis." How much? "Our study of TV's ghost teachers has turned up a remarkable statistic: No less than one-tenth of the entertainment programming on television was found to be educative in one way or another..." Remark-

One gift works many wonders



THE UNITED WAY



You bought it for one good reason. Now we'll give you four more.



There are lots of good reasons for drinking Sunsweet® Prune Juice, besides the obvious one.

1. Nourishment.

Sunsweet contains more iron than orange juice. We especially recommend it for women because they require more iron than men. We also recommend it to teenagers as a refreshing substitute for excessive sweets.

2. Versatility.

Many dishes are enhanced when you add Sunsweet Prune Juice. For instance, make a Prune Nog by mixing one cup of chilled Sunsweet with one-quarter cup non-fat dry milk solids. Stir together, add an egg, beat until frothy and garnish with nutmeg. Delicious!

3. Energy.

Sunsweet can give you an energy lift. It actually contains more natural food energy than orange, grapefruit, tomato or pineapple juice.

4. Flavor.

Sunsweet is a naturally delicious fruit juice so even kids go for it.

Do you need better reasons for enjoying ice-cold Sunsweet every morning?

able, indeed! What's happened is that *TV Guide*, after years of serving the industry, has developed the mind of a producer. Yes, there's violence on television, but there's violence in the world, etc. It's a game of Ping Pong played between the ears on either side of an empty head.

The editorial on the *Times* was a classic example. *TV Guide* began by complaining mildly about all the attention to "public-TV activities." It went on to admit that "public television is doing many worthwhile things for minority audiences." It then lamented the fact that, "With certain noteworthy exceptions, commercial television must be bland in order to reach huge audiences. Certainly no one envies public TV its freedom more than the men who run commercial TV." Followed by second thoughts: Congress worries about public TV because "it is not easy to enforce surveillance over the accuracy and fairness of public-service broadcasting on one public station—much less 200 of them. . . . Perhaps we should study the British experience and restructure our public system so that, like theirs, it can be a bit more independent of but still responsible to government. Public television is much more than just another channel on the dial. It can become a tremendously important factor in our society."

What are they saying? Examine the

assumptions. Commercial TV *must* be bland (because it's in business to make money?), public TV *must* be placed under surveillance (but not commercial TV? Why should any station be under surveillance? Perhaps it is because commercial TV envies public TV its "freedom" and would like to see it taken away). The public system *needs* "restructuring" to make it more "responsible to government." (But why shouldn't all TV be responsible to the talent of its artists and the needs of its community?)

Everything is being said and nothing is being said. When commercial TV produces a children's program of the caliber of *Sesame Street*, a magazine program of the caliber of *The Great American Dream Machine*, a public-affairs program as uncompromising as *Banks and the Poor*, a dramatic series half as good as the average BBC import, an *Advocates* approach to controversial issues, a Nader-like *caveat emptor* effort that doesn't grovel before brand-name money-gods, it too will be "important"—and maybe even of interest to the editors of summer television pages. Until then, we'll have to settle for network news programs reporting on what the government thinks being "responsible to government" means. It means keeping your mouth shut.

by Cyclops

**Underneath
this extra bed**

is an extra bed

**and on top of it all—carefree slipcovers of Vectra®
in brilliant colors—exclusive with Eclipse**

Eclipse makes extra beds with all the extras. This high riser is just one beautiful example. It can be a handy single extra bed, or double up to sleep two. Best of all, it's made with exclusive Springwall mattress construction that prevents mattress sag and guarantees full sleep comfort and support. The handsome plaid upholstery is just one of a new group of fabrics chosen for their good looks. And their brilliant colors and soft textures are not affected by stains, spills, sunlight or even the worst of wear. They're made of invincible Vectra® olefin fiber. For extra beds with all the extras, look for this Eclipse high riser. And other Eclipse sleep furniture—daybeds and duettes that sleep two and are designed to serve a daytime/nighttime double life. Now for a limited time, starting at only **\$179⁹⁵**.

Vectra
OLEFIN FIBER

Vectra Corporation, an affiliate of Enjay Chemical Co.

eclipse

NEW JERSEY
Bayonne
Steinberg Furniture Co.
Belleville
Pariso Brothers
Bloomington
Pleasant Dreams
Bricktown
Gem Quality Furniture
Brielle
Brielle Furniture
Cherry Hill
Bamberger's
Bever
Harry Loory Furniture
East Brunswick
Sleepworld, Inc.
Bamberger's
East Hanover
Hanover Sleep Center
Edison
Sleep Rite Furniture
Elizabeth
Lifson Furniture Co.
Englewood
Marlboro Sleep Shops
Palisades Furniture Whse.
Fords
Irwin's
Greenbrook
Hanover Sleep Center
Hackensack
Bloomington's
Colony Sleep Center
Hamburg
Herbies
Jersey City
Braverman's Bedding Centers
Kunath Furniture
Sleepworld, Inc.
Kearny
Mace Brothers
Keyport
West Furniture
Lakewood
Gem Quality Furniture
Linden
Sleepworld, Inc.
Unity House Furniture
Lyndhurst
Stacy's Furniture
Maywood
Ridgeway Furniture Co.
Menlo Park
Bamberger's
Monmouth
Bamberger's
Morristown
Bamberger's
Nanuet
Bamberger's
Newark
Bamberger's
Newton
Sanders Corner Hutch
—Home Furniture
Northvale
T Mark Furniture
Nutley
Kastner Furniture
Orange
Neibarts
Paramus
Bamberger's
Colony Sleep Center
Frankart Furniture
Mallory Furniture
Mr. Sandman
Paterson
Eagle Furniture
Plainfield
Bamberger's
Point Pleasant
Johnson's Furniture Mart
& Budget Shop
Ridgewood
J. B. Boyle-Ridgewood Rug
Sea Girl
Koo's & Sons
Short Hills
Bloomington's
South Orange
Berkshire Furniture
Toms River
Seaside Furniture
Wayne
Flair Furniture-Sheffield Furniture
West New York
Interiors By Stanley
Martin Furniture
Public Furniture, Inc.
Willowbrook
Bamberger's
NEW YORK
Amsterdam
Grand Rapids Furniture
Cohoes
Mooradians Modern
Glens Falls
Queensbury Furniture
Mt. Vernon
Regal Furniture
Nanuet
Colony Sleep Center
Newburgh
Newburgh Furniture Mart
New Rochelle
Better Built Bedding
Bloomington's
Frankart Furniture
Linden Furniture
Neptune Furniture
Ossining
A. L. Myers Furniture
Callan Furniture
Ossining Furniture
Peekskill
Silverman Furniture
Poughkeepsie
Lucky Platt & Co.
May-Dee Sleep Shop
Scarsdale
Frankart Furniture
Schenectady
Star Furniture
South Fallsburg
S. Wiener Furniture
Troy
Mooradians Modern
Watervliet
Mooradians Modern
White Plains
Mallory Furniture
Tanners
Almo Furniture
Chachkes Furniture
Harold's Sleep Shop
Linden Furniture
Riverdale Furniture
T Mark Furniture
New York City—Bronx
B. I. Greenberg & Co., Inc.
Bravo Furniture
Concourse Home Decorators
Dale Home Furnishings
Frankart Furniture
Kay Rose Furniture
Mallory Furniture
PJA Hobart Furniture Co.
R & M Furniture and Appliance
Royal Furniture
Brooklyn
A & S Furniture
Abrams Carriage & Furniture
A. L. Thompson
Bettco & Son
Bedding Discount
Buy-Rite Discount Center
Cohn Brothers
Cypress Furniture
Fulton Nostrand
Hymie's of Williamsburg
Innersprings, Inc.
J. Kurtz International House
J. Michaels, Inc.
John Harley Ltd.
Kasdan's Furniture
King Furniture
Knickerbocker Furniture
Levinson's Ltd.
Major Furniture
Manor Carriage & Furniture
Midwood Mattress
Ridge Furniture Co.
Sidney Schiff Furniture, Inc.
Simon Bernstein's Sons, Inc.
Sobels Bedding & Furniture
Sternbach's Furniture
Vinocurs Furniture
William Goldman
Manhattan
August Furniture
Bennett Furniture
Berkshire House Convertibles
Bloomington's
Braun Furniture
Corvett Furniture
Finkenberg's Furniture
Grossman Furniture
J & K Cohen Furniture
John Harley Ltd.
Joseph's Furniture
Ken Mar Furniture
Marlboro Furniture
Max Chasin
Public Furniture
Ron Cone
Schachter's Furniture
Solowitz & Law
Stein's Furniture
Thrift Furniture
Weil & Co.
Wucker Furniture
Queens—Astoria
Fleischer Brothers
J. Kurtz International House
Selinger-Henshaw Furniture
Far Rockaway
Brody's Furniture
Flushing
Betan Furniture Co., Inc.
Gertz
Wilkins Furniture Corp.
Fresh Meadows
Bloomington's
Weiden-Schopp, Inc.
Jamaica
Gertz
J. Kurtz International House
Laurel Sleep Shop
Roberts Furniture
Selinger Furniture
Queens Village
Kai's Furniture
Richmond Hill
General Furniture Sales
Ridgewood
Seebal Bedding
Selinger Furniture
Woodside
Kigman's Furniture
Staten Island
Dependable Furniture
Huss Furniture
Manhattan Furniture
Sleepworld, Inc.
Tudor Furniture
LONG ISLAND
Bay Shore
Gertz
Gleicher's Furniture
Bellerose
Glen Oaks Mattress Co.
Belmore
Lowe Furniture
Ceram
Birite Furniture
Farmingdale
Americana Furniture
Inter County Furniture
Great Neck
Gertz
Hicksville
Birchwood Beds & Bedding
Gertz
Thomas Hill Furniture
Huntington
Jefferson Carriage House
Lawrence
Furniture Warehouse Center
Locust Valley
J J Chaik Ltd.
Lynbrook
Vitality Sleep Shops
Massapequa
Seebal Bedding
North Massapequa
Casco Furniture
Oceanside
Joseph's Furniture
Patchogue
Stanley's Furniture
Port Washington
Siegel Furniture, Inc.
Smithtown
Penn Furniture
Southampton
John W. Nilsson Furniture
Valley Stream
Gleicher's For Interiors
Roman Co.
Westbury
Fortunoff's Westbrook Store
West Hempstead
Wayside Bedding



Why we named the #1 rum in the Caribbean after the #1 nut in Spain.

Because we liked what Don Quixote stood for. The search for perfection.

The same kind of search that made us try for a rum that was better than any on the islands. Where great rum comes from.

And we made it. And the islanders made it #1. Give Don Q a try. You may go a little nuts over it yourself.

Don Q Rum: Search no more.

LIFE DANCE REVIEW

Triumph of a promising young man

THE JEROME ROBBINS PHENOMENON

When you are the hottest choreographer in town at the age of 25, what do you do for an encore at the age of 52? In the case of Jerome Robbins you create *Goldberg Variations* for New York City Ballet, then quietly start planning its successor.

If there is anything more rewarding than a promising artist it is a fulfilled artist. For Robbins, who suffers from perfection like a hypochondriac suffers from disease, fulfillment has not been easy. He has always had success too readily and has always had to fight against it.

Few major creators appear to be so afraid of failure as does Robbins. He clutches failure to him as if it were his nightmare. Yet failure has almost been unknown to him—yes, there was a Broadway production of *Mother Courage* that might have been better than it was, and there was another Broadway show that was discreetly folded during its previews. Yet these are mere aberrations in a triumphant progression.

As a young choreographer, Robbins was the man that ballet built its hopes on. Then, almost unexpectedly, he wandered. He hit Broadway as a director with *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof*, and he even flirted with Hollywood with a movie version of *West Side Story*.

Robbins was an enormous Broadway name—he made a lot of money and he made a lot of legends. He walked into *Funny Girl* when things were not so funny for it, and fixed it up. With his interest in *Fiddler* he seemed to have gotten himself a life pension. He could have continued on Broadway forever as the Jed Harris of his day. But it didn't satisfy him.

In 1965 after an absence of years he returned to ballet and—what else?—had a smash hit for Ballet Theatre with a new version of Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. It caused him agony, but it worked. Robbins produced the necessary masterpiece, and while Ballet Theatre bled a little with the effort, they were grateful. It was just the triumph the company needed.

Would Robbins then return to ballet? Oddly enough he didn't. For two years, with the aid of a government grant, he worked on a mysterious Theatre Laboratory project. Nothing seemed to happen. I once asked him why it failed. He replied: "I don't feel it failed, I'll say that much about it. I spent two years in a certain kind of researching and exploration. I made ex-

periments not knowing what the end was going to be, and without having to produce a final product. I stopped when I did because I wanted a period of reflection, but I know for sure that I will always go back to the materials I dug up there."

This was in 1969, immediately be-



Robbins at work on *Variations*

fore the wonder of his new ballet, *Dances at a Gathering*. Nineteen-seventy saw another Chopin ballet, *In the Night*, and now this year we have *Goldberg Variations*. These three works would set the seal on a lesser career—but with Robbins you feel that they represent the beginning of something.

Robbins is the first indisputably great American-born classic choreographer, and in *Goldberg Variations* he seems to be telling everything he knows. This is his present testament to the classic dance. Enormously long, intricate and beautiful, performed on a completely bare stage, it has a depth and grandeur that ballet rarely even aspires to.

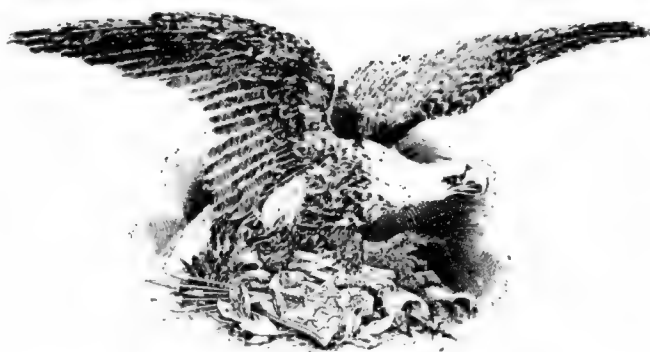
The Bach music is the platform for Robbins's very special kind of theater. Robbins is still as fascinated with people as he was back in 1944, when he told the tale of three gobs on shore leave in *Fancy Free*. But now he presents people with the cool distance of artistry. There is pure beauty here. Robbins is probably the first authentic American theatrical genius since Eugene O'Neill. Like O'Neill, his genius appeared early, yet went on to magisterial maturity in middle age.

by Clive Barnes

Mr. Barnes is the dance and drama critic of the New York Times.

Find yourself in the job of your choice.

Guaranteed.



As of July first, the Air Force will be able to guarantee the job of your choice prior to enlistment.

Let's say for example, you're interested in the area of personnel administration, or aircraft maintenance. The first thing to do is to contact your local Air Force representative. He'll give you a free aptitude test and help you match up your interests to an Air Force career field. Then, after you've met the physical requirements, you'll be offered the opportunity to join up for a normal tour of duty

with this guarantee: the Air Force will train you, place you and develop you in the field you've chosen.

And another thing to consider. Whatever Air Force job you select you can be sure you'll be trained in a skill that can keep on working for you in the future. In fact, a lifetime skill.

For more facts and a complete listing of jobs available, see your Air Force recruiter, or mail in the coupon, or, write to USAF Box A, Randolph AFB, Texas 78148.

Remember, you used to sign up and take your chances. Sign up now and you can take your choice.

USAF BOX A, DEPT. L 771 RANDOLPH AFB, TEXAS 78148.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER _____

Find yourself in the United States Air Force.

Mickey Mantle caught the wheat germ from Pancho Gonzales

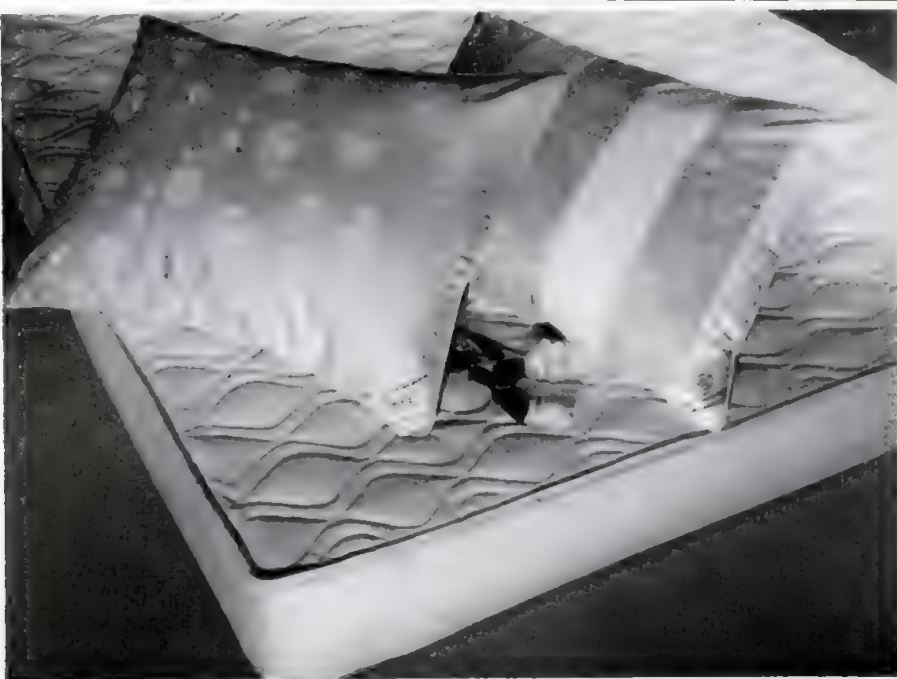
KRETSCHMER
WHEAT GERM?
WHY, PANCHO?

IT HELPS
PUT BACK THE GOOD
THAT PUTS BACK
THE ZIP.



Many people call Kretschmer Wheat Germ the world's most nutritious natural cereal. It's rich in the protein, vitamins and minerals your diet could be lacking. Helps supply the nutrition you need. Among people who want energy and stamina, Kretschmer Wheat Germ is practically contagious. Isn't it time you caught on?

im International Multifoods



THREE SLEEPING BEAUTIES

They're members of the Serene family of sleep products from Celanese. All three are filled with exclusive Celanese Fortrel 7 continuous filament polyester fiberfill. To give you the sleep of luxury.

Fortrel 7 polyester is the fiberfill that lets you machine wash and dry your pillows or comfort pad without matting or lumping. And they're totally non-allergenic.

The Serene Pillow. The larger Serene Superba pillow with permanent-press inner cover and deluxe zipper outer case. And the Serene Comfort Pad with a durable-press 50% Fortrel polyester and 50% cotton cover.

For the most beautiful sleep ever. Pillows from \$5.98, pads from \$7.98. Available at fine stores.

SERENE®

All prices shown are suggested retail.

Fortrel®, Fortrel 7®, Serene® and Serene Superba® are trademarks of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

LIFE BOOK REVIEW

The gourmet is a secret killer

THE OMNIVOROUS APE

by LYALL WATSON

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) \$6.95

My colleague Frogmarch the biologist brings his kids up in the real world. "I bring them up in the real world," he says. "I show them the big picture. They're killers."

"They're what?" I said. Frogmarch talks so fast he might have said "dillies."

"They're killers," he said. "Why do you think they bat a baseball around?"

"Getting ready to face Vida Blue," I said. "It's every kid's hope these days. He grows up, he knocks a homer off Vida Blue."

"That's the little picture," said Frogmarch. "I'm talking about the big picture. They're killers. Why do you think the ball is animal hide? And they hit it so it seems alive, then they catch it with their bare hands. Kill it over and over. Ever see a cat with a mouse?"

"Frogmarch," I said, "you've been reading again." That's his vice, he reads. Sharpest man in the lab with a microtome, unlimited future if he'd just lay off the books.

"You're darn tooting," he said. That's his other vice, he says Late-Show things like that. "This book," he went on, "about *The Omnivorous Ape*. They should get Stanley Kubrick to do the screenplay. *Son of Naked Ape*. Peter Fonda. Perfect. Anyway I've been reading it to the kids, bed-times. Listen: 'Man is what he is and does what he does because he was once a killer.' The big picture."

"What else does he do because he was once a killer," I asked, "besides knock balls around?"

Listen, I'll read to you." Frogmarch never lets you read it yourself, even books about why and how people eat. "Every week the senior hunter in every Western family commits ritual murder on the Sunday joint with a knife far larger than any carving knife needs to be. But it is more than just a carving knife, it is a stylized weapon that can only be wielded by the hunter."

"Nonsense, Frogmarch," I said, "his wife could carve it up out in the kitchen."

"Don't you see, it just wouldn't be right. He was the hunter, she was scavenger. He killed game, she scavenged for vegetables. So he carves, she serves the vegetables."

"Kate Millett isn't going to like being called a scavenger," I said, "and neither is Betty Friedan."



The alimentary Dr. Watson

"Then it's time Kate and Betty saw the big picture," said Frogmarch. "What do they think they do in the supermarket? Scavenge. Everything put where you have to hunt for it. That's the supermarket secret. And hard to pry loose, that's another secret. It says right in chapter three that when you work a can out of one of those big displays you get kicks like they got in the Upper Paleolithic, prying a crab from its crevice."

"Does it really say the A & P understands that?" I asked.

"Sure it says they do. Tell you what else. The fancy restaurateurs understand something too. They understand they're running a cave."

"How a cave?"

"Where the hunter took his meat. Safe, quiet, dark. Why do you think they use candles? And the guy who moves the quick-lunch set through cheap and fast, he has lots of light and noise."

"I thought they made the noise themselves, by accident."

"No, it's all planned. Steel trays. Hard floors. Not safe. Not secure. Not a cave. Eat and run. Make room."

"That's the real world all right," I conceded. "So you're reading it to the kids?"

"All but part of chapter eight. Sexual perversions."

"In a food book, Frogmarch?"

"Sure, normal sex, see, that's like topless waitresses, or bringing the girl chocolates the way a courting spider brings a wrapped-up fly. But there's oral sadism too, and there's oral voyeurism. Kinky."

"Like watching people eat?"

"Worse than that, like watching people cook. And dismembering the meat, that's a sort of striptease. Book says so. And the worst is when it's on television: *every secret of food preparation*—it says it right here—*laid bare*.' When you get the big picture, that's Julia Child's sick bag. Make a Dane blush. I don't think the kids are ready for that just yet."

by Hugh Kenner

Mr. Kenner is an English professor at the U. of Calif. at Santa Barbara.

When you build a tire this good, everybody wants some of the credit.



The new MARK IMPERIAL signed edition.

From the man who buys the rubber to the man who mounts your tires, everybody at Kelly-Springfield is proud of our new Mark Imperial. It's our first tire to command its own staff of specially selected craftsmen—Kelly-Springfield Mark Imperial Tire Builders. Each man attests to his work with his personal mark of identification on each tire he builds. No other tire ever had all this . . . the quality, the construction, the looks . . . a composite of performance factors we believe makes the Mark Imperial the finest passenger tire we've ever built.

119 Tests and Inspections . . . Plus One

Every Kelly-Springfield tire is built under a program of 119 quality inspections and tests. This even includes pulling sample tires from regular production runs and subjecting them to high speed tests, bead unseating tests, endurance tests, even X-ray analysis and examination of component materials. The Mark Imperial goes one better with an extra, final check of every tire to make sure you get only our finest.

4+2 Construction,

Computer Calculated Tread

And it is our finest, with a modern 4+2

construction. Not two, but four full plies of strong, no-thump polyester cord. Plus two tough belts of today's best fiber glass obtainable to resist impact and hold the tread firmly against the road.

That tread is a new, computer calculated dual pattern design with 17,204 gripping edges to help give you the best combination of forward and lateral traction we've ever come up with. And to work with the Armorubber tread to help deliver the mileage that meets the promise of belted construction.

Modern Styling, Modern Construction

With its scuff-resistant pin-striped sidewall and wide, low series 78 profile, the Mark Imperial has the true look of quality. It's a look that echoes the thorough engineering, well-matched materials, and careful craftsmanship behind this brilliant tire.

This is the kind of quality tire that gives full credit to the man who builds it . . . and the man who drives it. See your Kelly-Springfield Dealer now and let him show you just how good it is. Also available in Canada.



Kelly-Springfield. The safe name to go with.



Also at Sunoco and other service stations displaying the Kelly-Springfield sign.

An oil for the man who has everything.



Quaker State is more than one motor oil. It's a whole spectrum of special blends for almost anything that moves.

Each oil is different, because engine requirements vary widely. But all share the superior lubricating quality of Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is refined from the world's choicest oil, and then fortified in special ways to provide the finest engine protection you can buy. For conventional transportation. And the unconventional.

Ask for Quaker State. It's peace of mind for the man who has everything.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

OUR INDIAN HERITAGE

Sirs: As a Comanche, and as president of Americans for Indian Opportunity, I want to commend you for your outstanding issue on Indian Heritage (July 2). For too long the shallow and often distorted coverage of Indian life and culture by America's publishing industry has contributed to American ignorance of not only the tragedy of the American Indian but also the beautiful spiritual inheritance that could help to enrich all of America. If America is ever to recover its own soul, it will have to come to terms with the right of native Americans to a peaceful, secure and dignified existence as a culturally distinct people.

LA DONNA HARRIS
Washington, D.C.

► *LaDonna Harris is the wife of Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma.—ED.*

Sirs: Your excellent issue reminded me of a saying, printed on deerskin, that hung above the desk of my great-grandfather, a mixed-blood Choctaw whose mother had come to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) on the infamous "Trail of Tears." It read: "An Indian scalps his enemy. A white man scalps his friend."

TOM YOUNGBLOOD
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: The Indians lost dominant stewardship of America because their primitive culture was inadequate to meet a sophisticated challenge. Their irascible god, nature, eventually would have unseated them if the white man had not.

OVE STRAND
Kenosha, Wis.

Sirs: "The Indians had what the whites wanted—land." Indian land today is still as coveted as it was in the mid-19th century. Today's quest comes under the guise of flood control dams, termination programs of Indian reservations and forced assimilation under urban relocation programs.

ALFRED A. CROSS
San Jose, Calif.

Sirs: White Americans have collected a few scalps of their own: the American Indian, the black American and the Vietnamese. Quite a collection for a nation not quite 200 years old and conceived in liberty.

ROBERT M. GRAHAM
Akron, Ohio

Sirs: Who started scalping? According to Deloria's book *Custer Died for Your Sins*, it was introduced by the English prior to the French and Indian War. A proclamation by George II of England dated Nov. 3, 1755 ended: "For every scalp of a male Indian brought in as evidence of their being killed as aforesaid, forty pounds." Twenty pounds was offered for scalps of females and for males under the age of 12.

NANCY O'NEAL
Evanston, Ill.

Sirs: Scalping was a usual form of mutilation from the earliest times. Herodotus (fifth century B.C.) described the practice among the Scythians. The code of the Visigoths and the "Annals" of Floard prove that the Anglo-Saxons and Franks still scalped about A.D. 879. In Africa it was prevalent as were all barbarous mutilations.

REVEREND J. ELLRICH
Fairview, N.J.

THE CUSTER MYTH

Sirs: I congratulate you on your tribute to the American Indian, but I am appalled and dismayed by Mr. Josephy's blanket indictment of the National Park Service at Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana ("The Custer Myth"). My husband was superintendent of the park there at the time about which Mr. Josephy writes—the summer of 1969. His story about the historian idealizing Custer may well be true, but this was not one of "the usual narrative lectures to the tourists." This lecture was given by one of our seasonal (summer) historians who had come to the park that year with the highest recommendation from a U.S. senator. Soon after he arrived, however, it became apparent that he was not an ideal employee. His negligence on the job and his unfavorable attitude toward the Indians finally culminated in his dismissal.

ALICE L. LEE
Vicksburg, Miss.

INDIAN ART

Sirs: It was gratifying to see the majestic art of the past ("The Surprising Riches of Indian Art"). However, I feel that your advice to the reader: "Don't bother scouting the reservations for such treasures . . ." was unfair to the many native American artists and craftsmen living on reservations, in villages and in the cities today who are as highly sophisticated and inventive as their forefathers.

ROBERT G. HART
General Manager
Indian Arts and Crafts Board
U.S. Dept. of the Interior
Washington, D.C.

BOOK REVIEW

Sirs: Thank you for sharing with your readers Senator McGovern's fine tribute to the Laura Ingalls Wilder series of *Little House* books ("A Fine Way Back to Our Prairie Past," July 2). We are thrilled to learn that there is a new one now in publication. These books are the best family reading ever.

SUE A. STUBBS
Hampton, Va.

EVEREST

Sirs: To plant a U.N. flag on the summit of Mount Everest to prove that many nations can work together toward a common goal was the initial plan of

these international climbing stars ("Defeat on Everest," July 2). But when confronted with difficulties, what happens? For one, the Swiss climber throws snowballs and rocks at the expedition's coloader. This is teamwork? The British pair and the two Japanese were the true team, picking up the pieces and moving forward together. They were the only ones who deserved to reach the summit.

MEREDITH NORTON
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE PENTAGON PAPERS

Sirs: In "The Decision to Publish" (July 2) you say: "The *Times* undertook a grave responsibility: to declassify secret documents. . . ." And right there is the basic issue. If the editors of the *New York Times* believe they have access to a total picture and thus the perspective and objectivity necessary to determine declassification of secret documents, they are more dangerous than anyone can possibly imagine.

JOAN WILLIAMSON
Gaithersburg, Md.

Sirs: In all my years of voting, nearly 50, I cannot ever recall voting for the *New York Times* to represent me, or for that matter anyone else, in matters concerning international policy.

A. G. BRAY
Plymouth, Mass.

Sirs: Is not the *New York Times* itself a little Pentagon? How come they couldn't reveal the source of the material? If the people have the "right to know" about the Pentagon papers, they have the right to know that too.

MRS. J. RYAN
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Sirs: The deceit practiced by the Johnson administration is horrendous in its details. But the attempt by the Nixon administration to cover it up by the use of the injunction, that most undemocratic use of power, puts it in the same league. I think the lesson learned by the American people is unequalled in our history. Instead of originating the hunt for the truth, Nixon tried to cover it up by continuing his vendetta against the press, the best friend the people have.

IRVING SCHECHTMAN
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: Right on ("The Painful Lessons")! "[An] American President must never again take the nation to war without the explicit authorization of the Congress. . . ." But how can this be assured? The Constitution already commits the full war power of the executive branch to prior restraint in the form of a clearly required, explicit declaration of war by the Congress. But the usual enforcer of the Constitution, the Supreme Court, has ducked a specific application of this restraint to this war, opining that the question is "political," not "judicial." We should support efforts of the states, who contracted for

the Union, with the Constitution as its base, to force a high court interpretation and application of the congressional-declaration-of-war clause.

EDWARD N. FADELEY
Senator

Oregon State Senate
Salem, Oreg.

DANIEL ELLSBERG

Sirs: With regard to your headline for this story, "Hawk into Violent Dove" (July 2), I would like to know if Ellsberg will harm anyone if they do not want peace. A rather poor choice of words on your part, for after the many years of violent war in Indochina, the last thing America needs is a violent peace.

ROBERT W. THEISEN
Dearborn, Mich.

Sirs: This Ellsberg is too much to believe! He was so bloodthirsty in Vietnam that, though a civilian, he just had to grab up a rifle. Then, he was so concerned with Vietnamese welfare that he stole his own government's documents while a trusted employee! I have seen this kind of instability in women's bridge club politics.

JULIA D. HERNANDEZ
Tempe, Ariz.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: "Oh Beautiful, for Spacious Power Lines" (July 2) delivers a powerful message. Too much beauty has been destroyed by power-line blight. It is worth noting that American utilities spend less than one-half of 1% of gross income on research and development—proof of the pitiful lack of interest in finding better methods.

BETTY HEDGES
Pomona, N.Y.

Sirs: Perhaps Con Ed has taken too seriously the familiar chant: "Power to the People!"

CHRISTINE M. DUE
Racine, Wis.

LETTERS

Sirs: I was very disappointed in the letters on Baby Lenore (July 2). Every single one of them was in favor of the adoptive parents. I think these letter writers would see things a little differently if they had to live through the experience of having their newborn child taken away from them because they were unmarried.

PAULA J. HAUSMAN
Sarasota, Fla.

Sirs: It was a dastardly act for the DeMartinos to take that child out of New York. She was not legally theirs. They are more set on winning their point than in the due process of the law. They should adopt another child and give Lenore back to her real mother.

MRS. R. WALKER
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

MOVING? PLEASE NOTIFY US 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Attach mailing label here, fill in new address below and send to:
LIFE Subscription Service

541 No. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611

NOTE: End of your subscription is indicated on label. Example:
OC 72 means subscription will end with last issue in October, 1972.

Name _____
New Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

1. TO WRITE ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION: Change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, renewal—address: LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, 541 North Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Ira R. Slagter, Vice Pres. Attach present address label in space at right. (If you are receiving duplicate copies, please attach both labels.) This will help us identify you quickly and accurately. We are able to answer inquiries by telephone in many areas. Please note your number here:

area code _____ phone _____

2. TO ORDER A NEW SUBSCRIPTION: Check box ☐ and use form at right for your address. Mail to LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at the address given above. Subscription rate: U.S., 1 year \$10.00, in Canada, 1 year \$12.00.

3. TO WRITE ABOUT EDITORIAL OR ADVERTISING CONTENTS: Address: LIFE, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Here it is, from a company that builds both. Today's buyer is entitled to an honest discussion of Imported vs. American cars.

We listen.

We know people are confused by the sudden wave of foreign and domestic small cars on the market these days.

We must also confess we're partly to blame for the confusion. We've built more small cars than anyone else in the world.

As a matter of fact, we currently produce a long list

of compact and sub-compact automobiles. Three of them—Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet—we assemble here. The others—cars like Cortina, Escort, Taunus and Capri—we build abroad. Capri we import. It's made such a tremendous hit in Europe as a sports/personal car, we decided to sell it over here through Lincoln-

Mercury dealers.

Add our offerings to a plethora of American-built Vegas and Gremlins, European-made VWs and Crickets, and Jap-

anese-produced Toyotas and Datsuns, and the great debate begins:

"Who's best?"

We'd like to resolve the issue. We have everything to gain from it.

If you're confused, chances are you'll do one of two things: You'll buy the wrong car. Or no car at all.

If we sell you the wrong car, you're not likely to buy from us again.

We'd much rather sell you the right one. After all, our business depends on satisfied customers.

Here are the facts.



L to R: Taunus, Capri, Pinto. All small cars. All from Ford Motor Company. Two are made in Europe.

Right now, foreign cars account for more than 13 per cent of all cars sold in this country. Their popularity is well-earned.

Generally speaking, they're inexpensive to buy, cheap to run and simple to maintain.

Moreover, they have a hand-built-in-the-Black-Forest-by-elves kind of mystique to them which, legend or not, is an envious credential for any product to have. But more on that later.



Typical European highway.

Good as the imports are, they aren't without a few shortcomings. First of all, most imports are not specifically designed for American roads, which are significantly different from those abroad. (Note the illustrations).



Typical Japanese highway.

Because of that, many tend to be ill at ease on our long superhighways. They tend to be slightly underpowered. They tend to be skittish in crosswinds. And anybody who's been in one on an expressway, on a gusty day, knows

what a white-knuckled experience that is.

Furthermore, most imports tend to be a bit cramped inside for large American physiques. The average American is approximately 4.3 inches taller and 31 pounds heavier than the average Japanese.

On the other hand, domestic small cars like Pinto and Maverick were designed and engineered from the outset to be driven by American-size people on American-type roads. And in the case of Pinto, the objective is achieved with the traditionally good gas mileage you'd expect from an import. Last summer, for example, we ran a Pinto and a leading import through the same simulated city-suburban gas mileage tests. Despite Pinto's 15 extra horsepower, both cars averaged over 25.5 mpg.



Typical U.S. highway.

WHAT ABOUT STABILITY?

In addition, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet have suspension systems that are specifically tailored to U.S. highways. They all use ball-joints and coil springs in front, leaf springs in rear, special shock absorbers at all four wheels. Nothing exotic, really. But each setup has been calibrated by computer for the kinds of roads you're most likely to encounter. The result is a ride that is neither "mushy" at speed, nor "choppy" around town, yet firm



SMALL CAR COMPARISON CHART

	Domestic				Imported			
	Vega	1971 Maverick	1971 Pinto	Mercury Comet	VW (Super Beetle)	Capri	Datsun (PL 510)	Toyota (Corona)
Length, oa	169.7"	179.4"	163.0"	181.7"	161.8"	167.8"	162.2"	166.7"
Width, oa	65.4"	70.5"	69.4"	70.6"	62.4"	64.8"	61.4"	61.8"
Wheelbase	97.0"	103.0"	94.0"	103.0"	95.3"	100.8"	95.3"	95.7"
Height	51.9"	53.0"	50.1"	53.0"	59.1"	50.7"	55.9"	55.1"
Track, front	55.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	54.3"	53.0"	50.4"	51.2"
rear	54.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	53.3"	52.0"	50.4"	50.0"
Turning circle	33.0'	36.9'	31.5'	36.9'	31.5'	32.0'	31.4'	N/A
Curb Weight, lbs.	2202	2626	2030	2633	1918	2160	2094	2170
Engine displacement, (cu. in.)	140.0	170.0	97.6	170.0	96.6	97.6	97.3	113.4
Horsepower	90	100	75	100	60	75	96	108
Price*	\$2090	\$2175	\$1919	\$2217	\$1985	\$2395	\$1990	\$2150

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for comparable vehicles. Dealer preparation charges included for Vega only; destination charges, state and local taxes are not included for above vehicles.

enough to assure safe cornering and tracking. Furthermore, all three cars are noticeably wider than they are tall, and have very low centers of gravity, so there's no unnerving "top-heaviness" in crosswinds. Pinto even carries the luxury of rack-and-pinion steering, as do many sports cars—Ferrari, Porsche, Jaguar, Triumph, MG—as well as our own Capri.

ARE IMPORTS BETTER BUILT?

Back to the mystique of Old World Craftsmanship. Contrary to popular belief, foreign cars are built by neither elves nor Samurai warriors. They're produced in large factories, on assembly lines—the same way cars are built in this country. And generally speaking, European and Japanese quality standards are neither higher nor lower than ours. As such, their cars have many of the same strengths domestic cars have. They also have many of the same weaknesses. Despite legend, elves have the same capacity for an occasional goof as anyone.

The point is simply that integrity in the car business lives on this side of the ocean as surely as it does in Wolfsburg. Consider these facts:

- Volkswagen recommends an oil change every 3,000 miles; a chassis lube every 6,000. On the other hand, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet are designed to go 6,000 miles without an oil change; 36,000 miles without a chassis lube. (And over the long haul, that can save a lot of money. Grease and oil do cost money.)

- Pinto uses an imported engine and drive

line. Yes, it's built in Europe. Prior to its introduction in this country, it had undergone more than 50 million miles of owner use—so you don't have to put up with the traditional "bugs" of a new design.

- If something does need fixing, there are more than 6,700 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships across the country. So if your Pinto needs a voltage regulator in Keokuk, Iowa, you can get one installed in Keokuk. The nearest dealer for the leading import is in Quincy, Illinois.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

So much for our point of view.

We hope this ad has been of some help in providing you with information. If you'd like additional data or literature on any of our products, do write us.

WRITE:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LISTENS
DEPARTMENT L-1M
THE AMERICAN ROAD
DEARBORN, MICH. 48121

In fact, write us about whatever is on your mind.

Let us know how we can better serve you as a company.



**...has a better idea
(we listen better)**

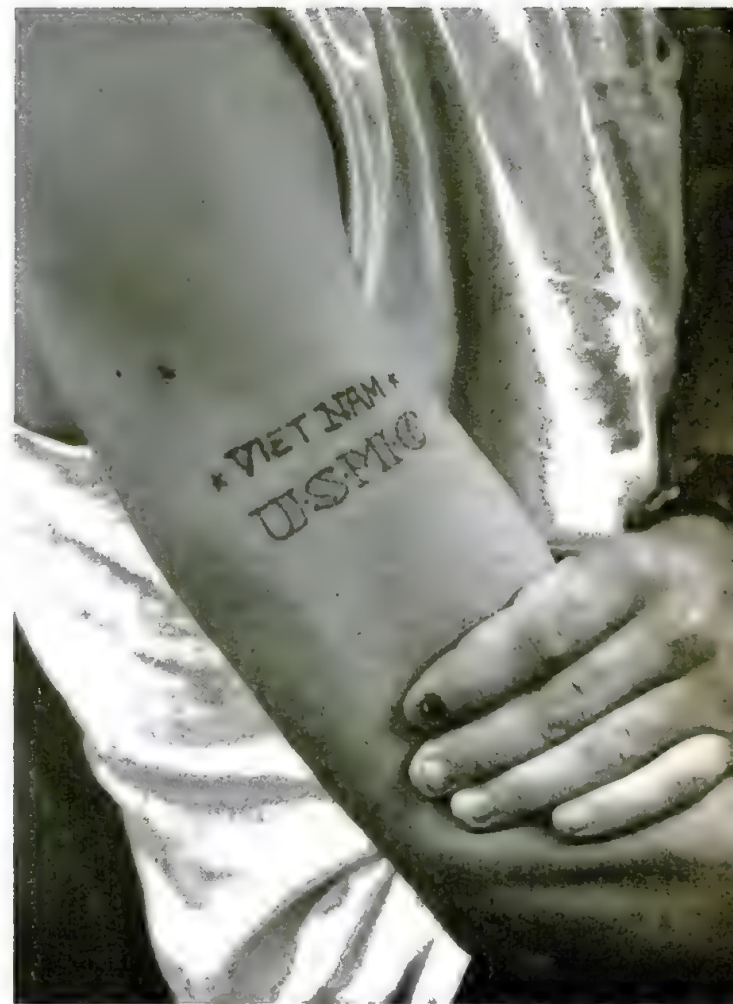


Eleventh-hour search for an answer to heroin

Trying to help the GI addicts

Wars are measured by the grim totals of men killed, men wounded. There is yet another count for Vietnam: that of men "addicted in action." The number of addicts is still not confirmed—Congressman Robert Steele and many returning veterans estimate that 15% of the men in Vietnam are hooked on heroin. The military claims the figure is 2%. Dr. Jerome Jaffe, the expert just named by President Nixon to try to solve the national drug mess, suspects it is close to 5%. No matter who is right, thousands of Vietnam veterans now at home—and thousands more yet to come—are heroin addicts like Chad Harris.

Harris, a marine who was wounded at Khesanh, did not use heroin until he was home and out of the corps, although he became hooked on a wide variety of other drugs while he was being shunted from hospital to hospital in Vietnam. For most veterans, heroin addiction is just one more souvenir of Vietnam, where incredibly high-grade (95% pure) heroin has been widely available at \$2 a fix. Some of those who come back will manage to kick the habit by themselves. But the real victims need help desperately. Chad Harris has been lucky enough to get into an innovative program that offers at least the possibility of returning to some kind of normal life. For men who aren't in such programs, for those who stay out on the street, the odds are less than even on any life at all.



The tears that rolled down Chad Harris's cheeks were partly a symptom of withdrawal: he hadn't had a fix in 14 hours. But he was also crying out of fear that he wouldn't be accepted into the drug treatment program at California's Palo Alto VA Hospital. As he waited for a decision, he folded his arms in an involuntary gesture to hide the needle marks (above) and crouched beside his wife (left). Harris had to sweat it out until a committee of hospital staff and patients already in the program voted to accept him.



Methadone can ease an addict's return to earth but it can't remove the problems that led to his addiction. At Palo Alto, encounter techniques are being used to help the patients "get their heads on straight." At the regular Thursday "family nights" (above), parents, wives and even girl friends join the session. Guilt feelings on both sides are talked out gently, and the families are led into what is usually their first real understanding of what the addict has been going through. The patient's days are full of encounter therapy—some of it planned, as when he meets one-to-one with a psychiatrist, some of it as casual as Chad Harris talking with Jewel Barnes (right), a VA group therapist. Harris says, "It's not just the shrinks. You can talk to other guys who've been where you are now. They're making it, and you begin to think that you can too."

**Photographed by
ARTHUR SCHATZ**



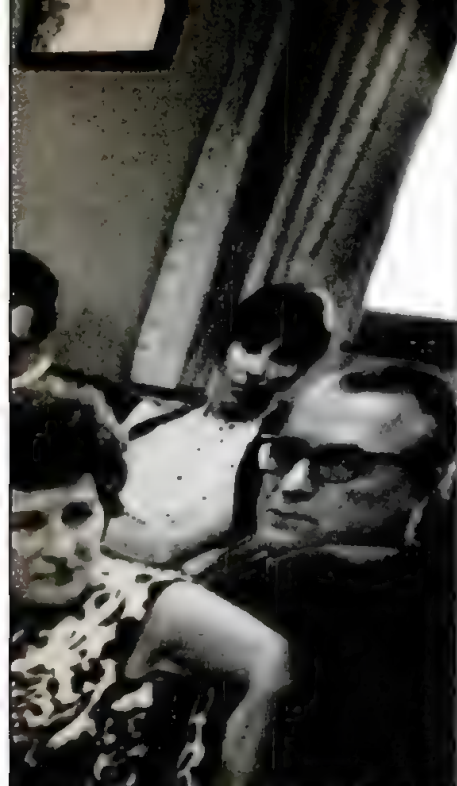
Methadone only buys them time

On Ward 4B2 of the Palo Alto Veterans Administration Hospital, an oddly matched group of researchers is working desperately to find an effective answer to heroin addiction. There are doctors from Stanford University, VA nurses and therapists, and a handful of conscientious objectors serving their times as nursing assistants. And there are the 21 patients, most of them veterans of Vietnam, most with records of addiction to heroin.

The therapy usually starts with methadone, a synthetic opiate that has a number of immediate advantages. It allows an addict to withdraw from heroin without unbearable agonies. In large daily doses, it blocks the body's demand for heroin—and even the ability to get high on it. But methadone itself is addictive, and while its effects are much milder than heroin (a man

can hold a job while taking it), critics argue that swapping one opiate addiction for another is not much gain. Some methadone proponents reply that, realistically, a lifetime of daily doses is the best a true heroin addict can hope for.

The Palo Alto program is aimed at breaking this circle. Methadone is used to buy time. The real search for an answer to addiction is centered on "encounter groups" and other forms of therapy which force a man to face his addiction and admit to himself whatever it is he has been trying to evade. If the formula works—and so far Palo Alto has as good a recovery rate as any program in the country—doctors hope it will be possible to wean the addict gradually away from his dependence on methadone and free him permanently from any craving for drugs. Nobody knows yet if that can be done.



The real business of Ward 4B2 is done in small groups where the men dig deep into each other's problems. On his first night in the

program, Chad Harris (hand to forehead, above) was drawn into a group of patients and staff trying to help Randy Boro (hand to chin)

get ready for his family's first visit. As all had predicted, the reunion that followed was stormy—but it helped to clear the air.

Five veterans who could not handle their problems

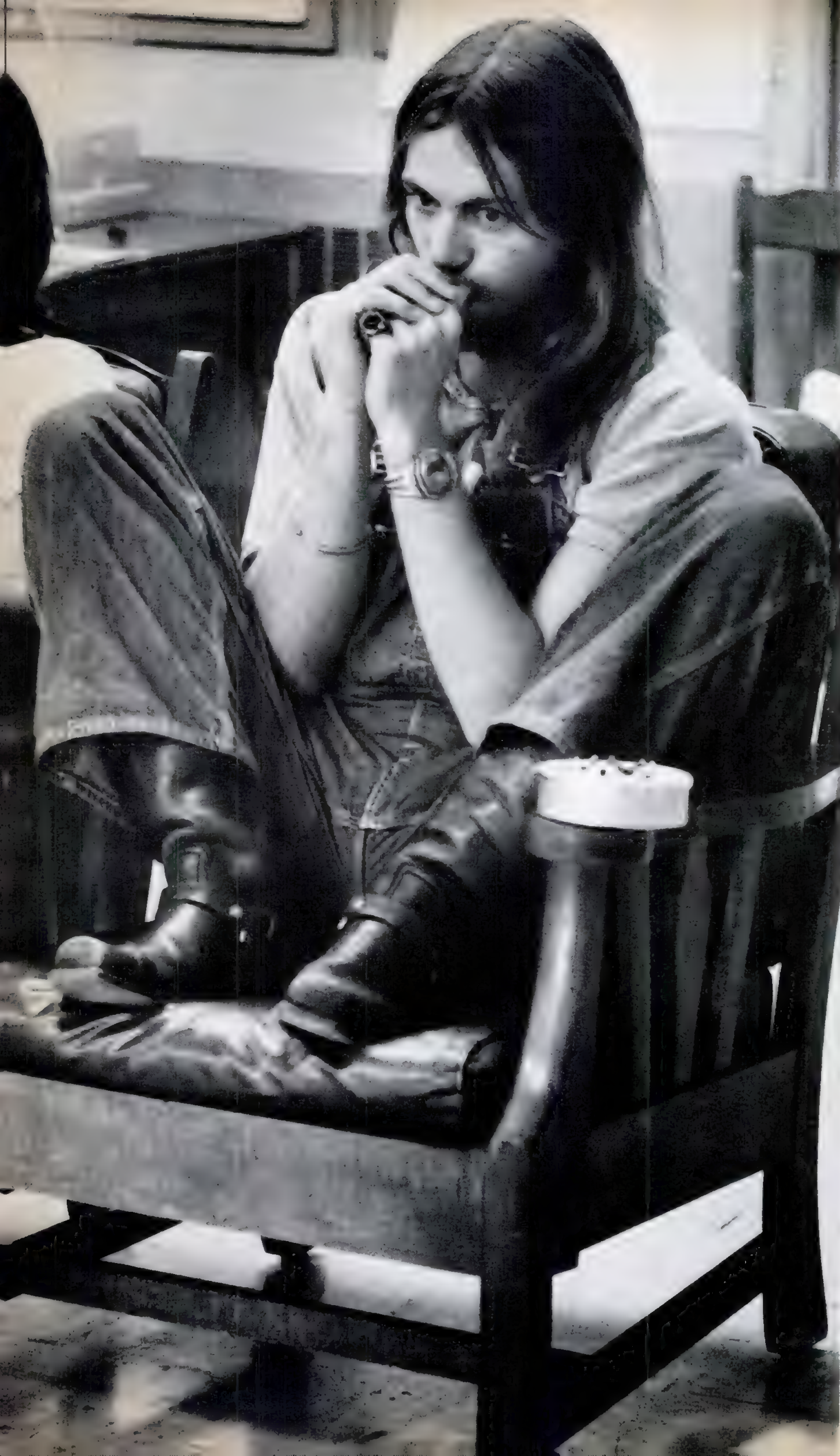


Mickey Vaquera, 22, above, sweated out night patrols as "point man." Wounded once, he was back in combat in six weeks. "I fixed on heroin," he says. "Without it I wouldn't have went on any patrol." Vaquera is now on methadone maintenance. He has a job, plays semipro baseball, is registered for college this fall and wants to be an X-ray technician.



Ken Forney, 23, above, was on Okinawa when word came that his brother had been killed in Vietnam. Returned to the States, he tried heroin "out of curiosity"—and was quickly hooked. In and out of Synanon, state hospitals and various jails, he is now on methadone maintenance. His wife has returned to him, and his 3-year-old son, who visits daily, is considered valuable therapy on the ward.

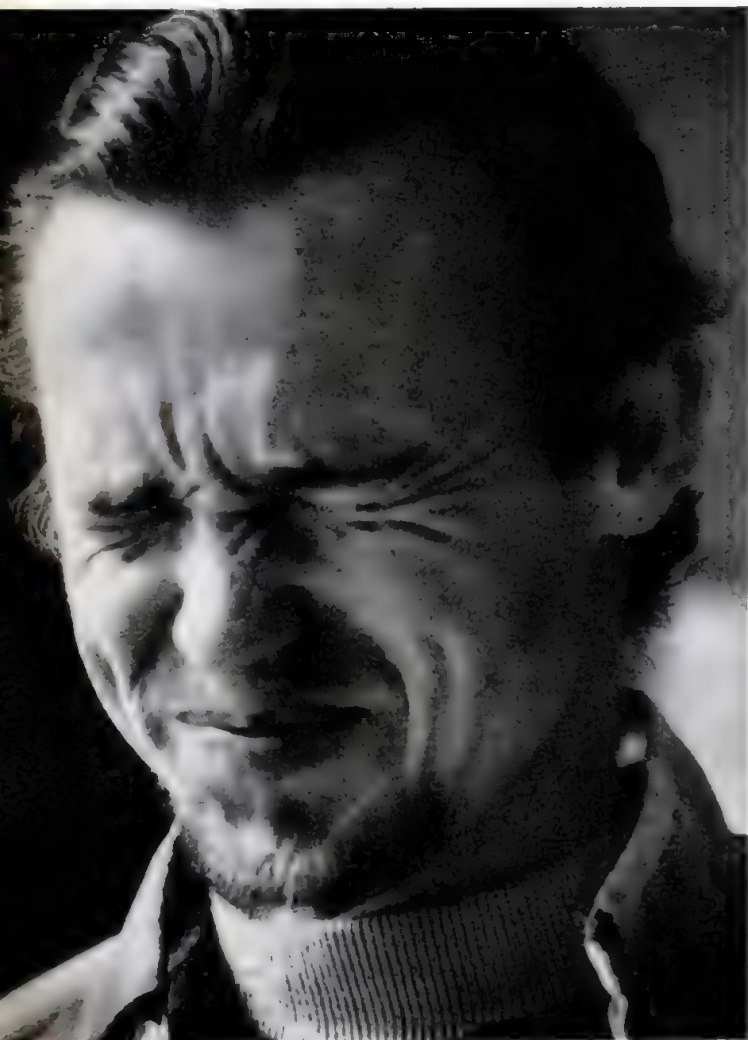
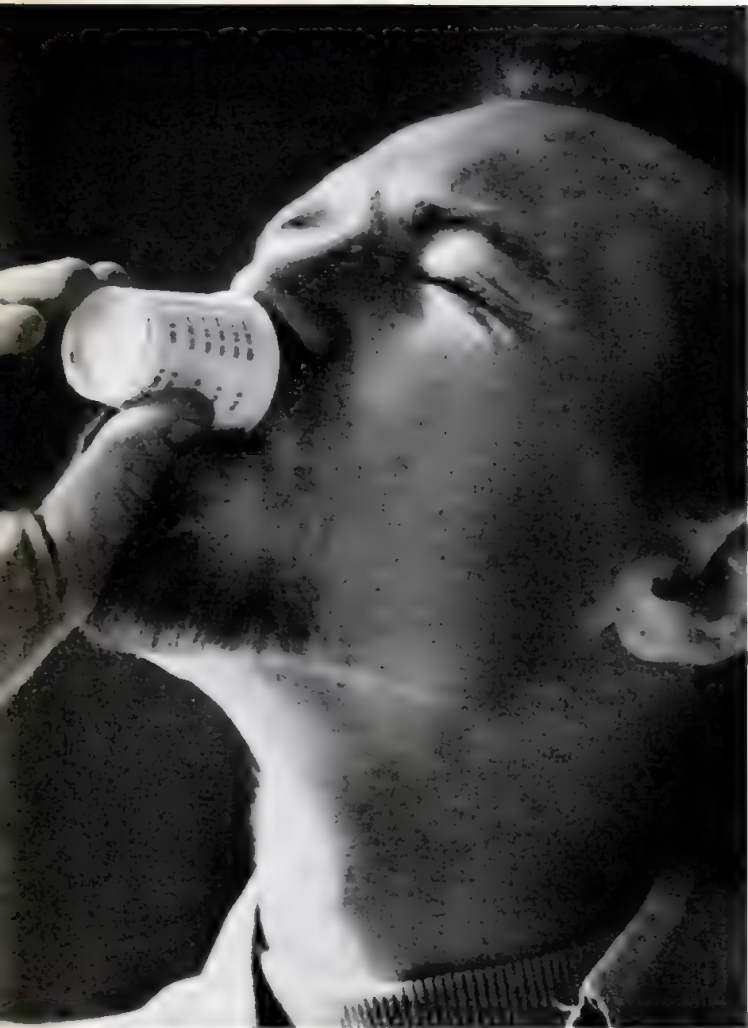
Dan Patterson, 22, left, is an early failure of the Palo Alto program. On his first solo trip to town, the week after this picture was taken, he snorted heroin. That confirmed the feelings of the ward: he wasn't serious about kicking his habit. They voted him out of the program and told him to reapply when he is really ready to accept help.



Sonny Martin, 23, left, used opium, then heroin in Vietnam to block out reality. He was in charge of giving out "Christmas baskets"—gifts to Vietnamese for information about VC collaborators, who were then quickly "eliminated." Martin got to hate that part of it. He says, "Those people didn't want us there, they didn't need us lous-ing up their lives." Like many others who have renewed their heroin habit back in the States. Martin found that when he re-turned, nobody wanted to hear him out, to let him purge him-self of his memories. "I had to keep it all inside." He has been put on methadone maintenance.



Cliff Hughes, 25, above, grew up straight Establishment, and that is a part of his problem. He volunteered for the draft in 1966, graduated from OCS and was assigned to Germany, where he felt he wasn't doing his part. He volunteered for Vietnam and then found that re-ality there wasn't like anything he had been taught. Back home, all his old values seemed use-less. Feeling that he had no fu-ture, he quit his job, dropped out of college. Gradually he turned on to heroin with friends. Now, after five months in the program (he dropped out brief-ly once), he has made a good deal of progress. He hopes to return to college and is looking for a job as a drug counselor.



Downing his daily shot of methadone (mixed with Kool-Aid), Chad Harris grimaces at the drug's bitter taste.

'If I don't make it this time

To get into the Palo Alto program, an addicted veteran has to demonstrate a desire to overcome his habit. Otherwise the therapy will have no chance of working. Chad Harris was grilled by a panel of three addict patients and three staff members. Why had he come to Palo Alto? Harris could only stare at the floor and mumble, "I'm tired of hustling, hassling and being sick. If I don't make it this time, I'll lose my wife, my kid. I'll have had it, man."

When the panel voted unanimously to accept him, Harris broke down and cried. He has real concern for his family, but it hardly matches the devotion his young wife has shown through the miseries of the two years of their marriage. Debi tried browbeating, pleading, even throwing childish tantrums to force him to let her take him to a long succession of doctors and withdrawal programs. Nothing he tried worked.

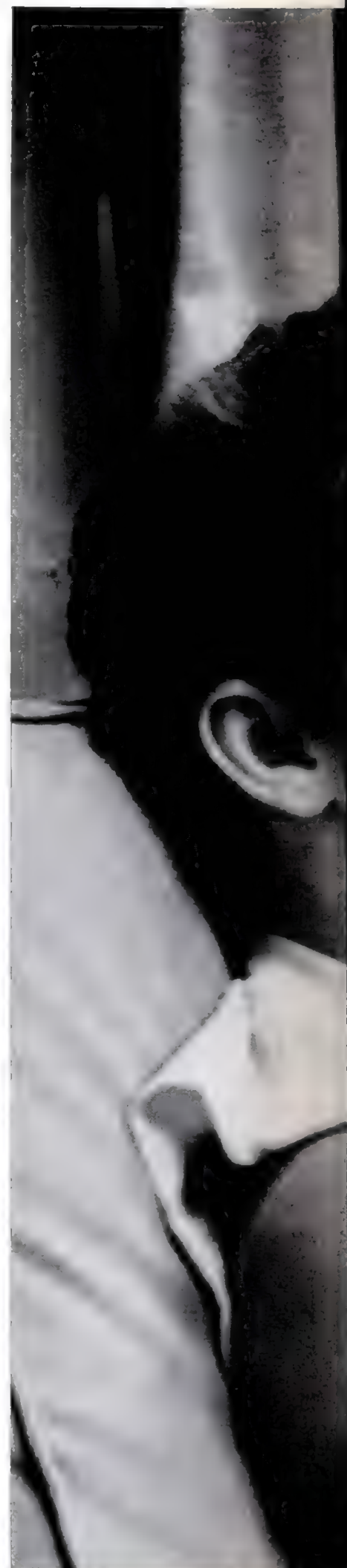
On one last long-shot gamble, she sat down one day in front of her husband, rolled up her sleeve, and calmly mainlined her first dose of heroin. Harris couldn't stand it. He piled Debi and their 7-month-old daughter Sabrina into their '65 Dodge and drove through the night from San Luis Obispo to Palo Alto. Debi hasn't touched even an aspirin since.

Harris hasn't been that clean. He slipped once when he tried to buy a fix of heroin (many of the men in the program have done the same), but another patient turned him in. Now he is on methadone maintenance and is hooked on that. "It'll buy me some time to get my life straightened out," he says. "It's a crutch I'll use for a while. But some day I'll walk free."

The doctors expect that Chad Harris and the rest of the patients on 4B2—and the hundreds involved in other drug programs around the country—are just the tip of the iceberg. They expect that most GIs who regularly used hard drugs in Vietnam will return to civilian life with their habits intact. Along with other GIs who merely experimented with drugs while overseas, they will turn to heroin as soon as the pressures of home become intolerable. And then many of them will start showing up at places like Palo Alto seeking help.

Right now, 19 VA hospitals offer programs for addicted veterans, but President Nixon has called for the establishment of 13 more by October. He has budgeted \$14 million to get them all going.

The new programs will have to draw on the experience of places like 4B2 to learn what works—and what doesn't. Dr. Jerome Jaffe, who heads the Special Action Office on drugs, believes he sees one major—and hopeful—difference between the Vietnam veterans and the street addicts here at home: "In Vietnam, it's different. There you have people beginning to use drugs in an exotic situation—with a peer group that may never associate with each other again. . . . It's not a part of the fabric of the lives of these men, any more than shooting people is a part of their lives. When they leave the service, hopefully they'll leave behind the identity of someone who has used heroin."



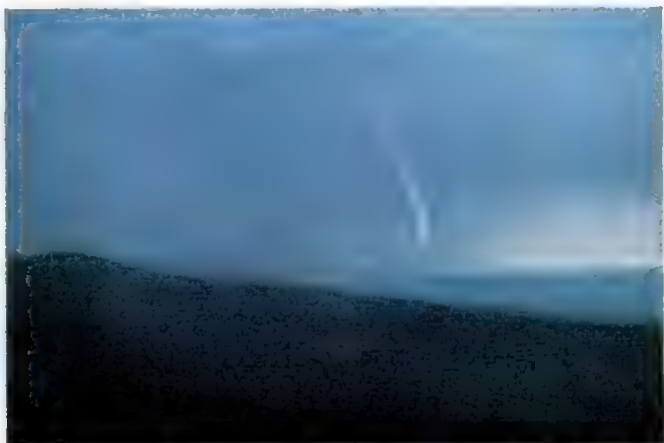
I'll have had it, man'

Debi Harris moved to the San Francisco area so that she and their daughter Sabrina could be with Chad some part of every day.



The 'wild beast' that

First the land endured the most severe drought in memory—two years with practically no rain. Then came summer's dry lightning storms and careless campers and, from them, fires that etched huge scars of desolation into the forests of New Mexico and Arizona. The rich carpet of grass, wild flowers and shrubs beneath the trees was reduced to a thick, silent layer of powdery ash. Once-vigorous ponderosa pines stood as charred and lifeless silhouettes. In the century's worst outbreak of fires in the forests of the Southwest, more than 85,000 acres of forest land were destroyed. At the height of the blazes, a forest ranger said: "The wild beast is out there. We know it. The Indian gods up in the hills must be laughing at us for trying to contest it."



Above, dry lightning crackles from a storm in the Gila Wilderness of New Mexico. At right a fire fighter battles the flames in choking smoke. Most of the fires were started by lightning. But the devastation in the Santa Fe National Forest, through which a ranger walks at far right, was the fault of an illegal camper.



Photographed by **DICK SWANSON**



devours the dry forests



During a single three-day period late in June, 248 separate fires erupted in the region's vast forests. "Every time the lightning hit," a discouraged lookout reported, "it would start another fire." Most of them were spotted and knocked out within a matter of hours. Some, like the inferno in the Fort Apache Indian Reservation forest in eastern Arizona, below, raged out of control for days. The U.S. Forest Service did what it could. More than 5,000 fire fighters from as far away as Idaho and

Washington were mobilized, and the whole modern array of fire-fighting techniques was thrown into what became a battle of survival for the forests: infrared photography, helicopters, giant bulldozers, converted World War II bombers carrying chemicals, parachutists, 600-gallon fire trucks. But in the end it was thousands of sweating men on the ground with shovels and axes—the infantry in forest fire combat—who cleared away some 350 miles of fire lines which the flames ultimately could not cross.

**Every weapon is used in the war,
but foot soldiers win it**





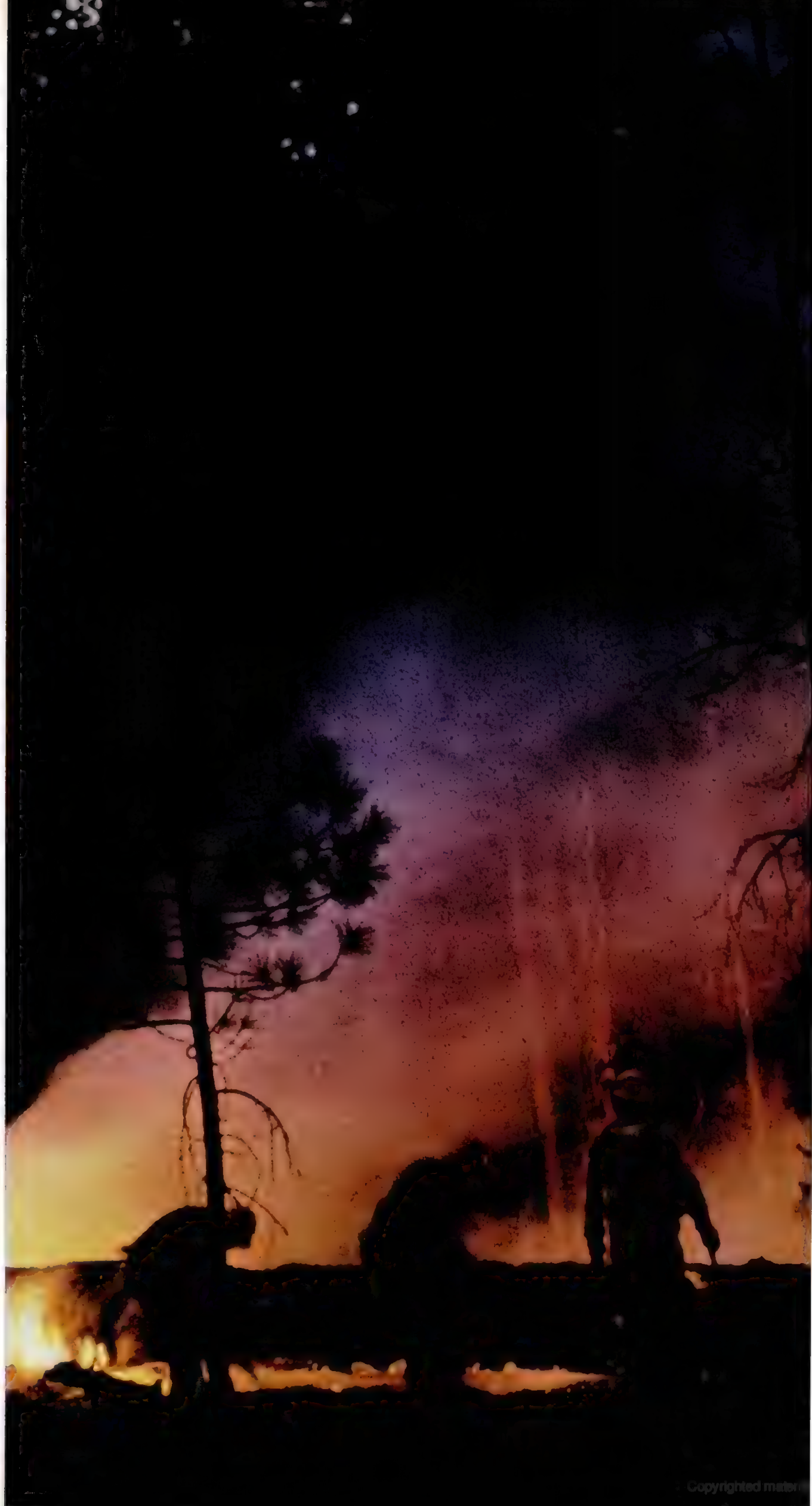
A smoke-jumper, left, gets ready to parachute into a fire zone and, above, an old B-26 releases fire-quenching chemicals. At right, a fire fighter shovels out a fire line in the Gila forest.



Tired pros hold the line, then head to new fires



Hot, dirty and exhausted from fighting the Santa Fe forest fire, Ron Brown of Bernalillo, N.Mex. takes a long drink of water from his canteen. At right, men hold their fire line in the Gila Wilderness, chopping apart a burning pine that has fallen onto it. Many of the fire fighters came from the Arizona-New Mexico area, and other specialists were airlifted in. Following the trail of fires as the heat of summer parches the forests, many of the crews have already moved to fires in California and will finish the year fighting blazes in the Northwest.





A chance to bargain on Vietnam

Hanoi's timing

The recent Hanoi negotiating offer has the look of a serious proposal that was timed to catch us at a moment of disarray.

First, it capitalizes on Nixon's overemphasis on the U.S. prisoners now in enemy hands. Earlier, Hanoi used to say it would quickly release prisoners after a settlement, just as it released French prisoners within weeks of the settlement after Dienbienphu. But seeing Nixon's preoccupation with the issue, Hanoi now ties prisoner release step by step to total U.S. withdrawal.

Then, with the air of reasonable men, the North Vietnamese profess a willingness to talk peace with all Saigon leaders but one, President Thieu. This is a considerable effrontery, although perhaps not quite on the scale of offering to talk to all Chinese leaders but Mao. Coming as it does a few months before the South Vietnamese election, it plays to those who seek to isolate Thieu as the one man who stands in the way of peace.

Hanoi might not have anticipated the propaganda windfall of the Pentagon papers, but its new proposal conveniently landed in a United States confused and disillusioned by the disclosures. The Pentagon papers show our leaders and their advisers getting us deeper and deeper into Vietnam not because they had a superior grasp of events but because they didn't know what else to do. They show Presidents and their advisers dubious about (and sometimes contemptuous of) the South Vietnamese leaders they were supporting. They show Presidents publicly professing a readiness to negotiate when they had no such private intentions. All very embarrassing. (Of course, a similar collection of private papers from the Hanoi Politburo might make lurid reading, but the world is not likely to see them.)

So Hanoi's timing is adroit. But its offer—as Leslie Gelb and Morton Halperin, two of the authors of the Pentagon papers, wrote in *LIFE* last week—does contain beneath its unacceptable imperatives some signs of compromise, accompanied by side hints that more is negotiable. Nailing down these hints won't be easy, but for the first time there is the emerging outline of what could become an acceptable settlement.

Nixon's stance

The Nixon administration's negotiating posture has been frozen for some time. *LIFE* has in the past regretted that the President isn't as candid and specific as he should be about his peace terms. His policy can be described, not too unfairly, as one of temporizing ambiguity.

President Nixon figures very little in the Pentagon papers. But he inherits from their publication, and from the evidence of our past stalls and evasions, a public more ready to question just how reasonable our present negotiating stance is.

The President says that all we want are our prisoners back, and "a reasonable chance" for the Saigon government to survive—this latter judgment presumably to be made by him alone, and in his own good time. On the basis of this calculated uncertainty, two conflicting versions exist in Washington about what President Nixon "is really up to." Around the Pentagon is heard the determination to keep an American presence in Vietnam for some years to come: once our combat role ends and U.S. public opinion is thus mollified, we will still have as few as 3,000 or as many as 50,000 troops in Vietnam into 1973 and 1974. The other version is that at the appropriate moment, perhaps after Thieu has been safely reelected in October, President

Nixon will proclaim Vietnamization a success and announce a full withdrawal over the next few months.

The assumptions for this second interpretation of the President's intentions are largely related to domestic politics. The Republican national chairman assures his party's candidates that the war won't be an issue in 1972, and the President himself, in a television address last April, said that he expected to be held accountable in the 1972 elections for resolving the war. In the prevailing atmosphere of mistrust, some Democratic politicians charge that the President is not eager for an early settlement because it might leave enough time for the Saigon government to collapse or fall to the Communists before November, 1972. It is hard to remember a time when in the public mind military timetables were so intertwined with a presidential election. The undeclared Vietnam war was begun presidentially and remains largely a presidential enterprise. This is one reason it has proved so destructive to presidential reputations.

Very possibly, the President hopes to preserve his ambiguity and his options until his next troop withdrawal announcement, which he has promised for Nov. 15. After all, casualties are down in Vietnam, campuses are closed in the U.S. and the draft is in temporary suspension. But disenchantment with the war has become almost universal, while the peace movement itself has turned from fervency to an unhealthy despair. The administration's soothing official posture has been: we're eager for peace, but Hanoi is obstinate.

The Hanoi offer changes things.

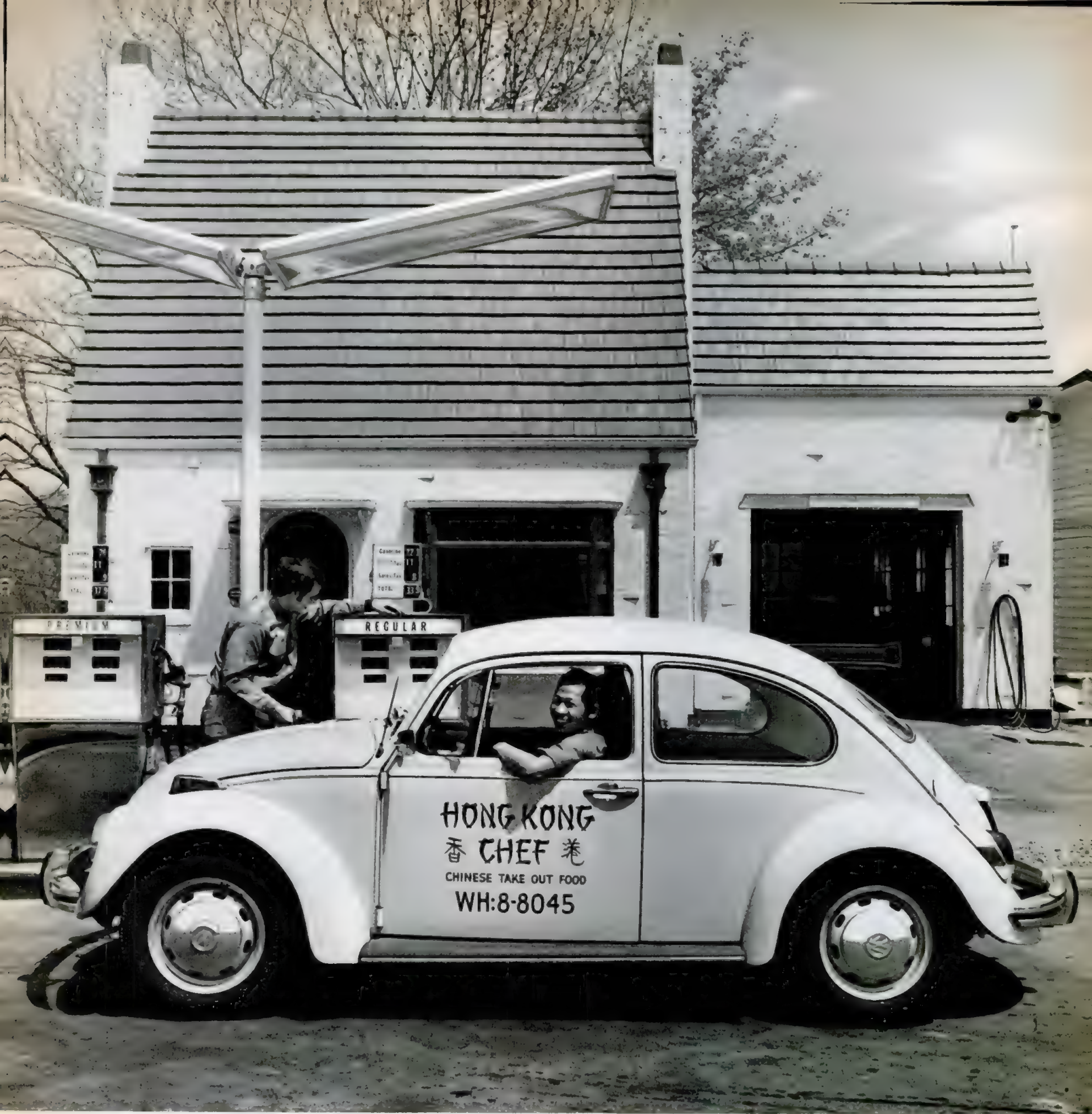
Counterproposals

Will the President regard it as a trick and a trap that must be repudiated, or as an opportunity to investigate? Henry Kissinger's trip to Saigon and Paris, and Melvin Laird's to Tokyo, suggest that a serious exploration is being made.

As the Pentagon papers show, however, there will be advisers quick to assure the President that any seeming enemy compromise is a signal of weakness and proves that Vietnamization is working—stick with it. We've heard that before. If Nixon follows this hard line, he will have no difficulty picking large holes in the Hanoi proposal, which makes no mention of U.S. prisoners who may be held in Laos and Cambodia, and is totally unresponsive to the President's own peace initiative of last October, calling for a cease-fire throughout southeast Asia.

But we hope instead that the President is ready to enter into hard bargaining with a counterproposal that responds to some of Hanoi's more intriguing suggestions. We could accept a fixed withdrawal date and a prisoner exchange, but along the lines of Mansfield's Senate amendment. This calls for total U.S. withdrawal within nine months after an agreement, which should meet the test of providing Saigon with Nixon's "reasonable chance." We should be prepared to respond favorably to the hints that Hanoi would agree to an independent (rather than a coalition) Saigon government, free to accept U.S. arms and economic support even after our troops leave. We need not "disown" Thieu, as Hanoi demands, but we need not tie our fortunes to his either, particularly if he continues to make it difficult for rival candidates to run against him in October.

Given some of the assurances that now seem to be hinted at, the U.S. might finally extricate itself from a war that is no longer in our national interest. We hope President Nixon seizes the chance.



© 1981 VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

One hour later, it won't get hungry again.

If you need a car to make food deliveries with, doesn't it make sense to use one that won't eat up much profit?

It did to Mr. Chuck Lew, Chinese restaurateur, White Plains, New York.

His honorable Volkswagen has been delivering everything from wonton soup to leechie nuts for close to two years.

All the while averaging 25 miles to a gallon of gas, using pints of oil instead of quarts, and no water or antifreeze.

Since it can't boil over or freeze under, the egg foo gets wherever it's going while it's still young.

Since we never change the way the car looks, spare parts are as readily available

from his Volkswagen dealer as are spare ribs from his restaurant.

And since Mr. Lew charges a 50c delivery fee and uses a car that costs roughly one-fourth of that for the average trip, he'd be out of his mind to trade it in.

Even for all the tea in China.



Copyrighted material

A star-crossed actress becomes a best-selling author

Hildegard Rides

by MILTON ORSHEFSKY

For a lady who has had typhus, yellow fever, infantile paralysis, meningitis, encephalitis, seven jaw operations, two tropical illnesses, peritonitis, a dislocated spine and rheumatic fever, among other ailments, and who at 42 almost died giving cesarean birth to her first child, Hildegard Knef looks pretty good.

You may remember her as Hildegard Neff. That's what Hollywood called her in 1948 when David Selznick summoned her from her native Germany to become, he hoped, a second Marlene Dietrich or at least a Teutonic Tallulah Bankhead. She never became any of those other people. Instead, after years as an actress in German theater, after 56 movies, after two and one half years on Broadway as the lead in Cole Porter's *Silk Stockings* and

most recently in Germany as a late-blooming but very successful chanteuse, she seems finally to have discovered who she really was all along: Hilde Knef, a writer of talent. Her autobiography, *The Gift Horse*, appears on its way to duplicating in the U.S. the phenomenal success it has had in Europe. In less than a year, it has sold more than 390,000 copies in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and is the biggest hit in the German language in decades. The U.S. version (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95) already has 150,000 copies in print.

"Success and failure," Miss Knef says in her book, "are both greatly overrated, but failure gives you a whole lot more to talk about." Somehow, sandwiched among her medical vicissitudes, she found considerable amounts of both by concentrating on "the only thing I had ever really learned: survival." She is tough, ambitious, strong-willed, opinionated, resourceful, witty and courageous.

Hilde, whose father died when she was 6 months old, grew up in the Berlin of Hitler, war and disintegration. By her late teens she had gravitated to the theater-cinema world. She had already been bombed out of her quarters several times, and after one daylight raid by U.S. bombers she wound up in the hospital with metal fragments in the chin, arm and legs.

In April 1945, with the Russians about to overrun Berlin, she tucked her blond hair into a German helmet, put on an army uniform and marched off with her producer-lover to join the German army, hoping to get captured by the Americans. They were captured instead by Polish partisans and turned over to the Russians, who accused her of being a spy. She told them defiantly, several times, that she had joined the army because "I didn't want to be raped [by the Russians]." After many weeks of detention and forced marches, she managed to escape and stagger back to Berlin, overwhelmed by malnutrition, exhaustion and dysentery.

In Allied-occupied Berlin, Hilde went back to making films, both for the Russians and for the Americans. She made a Soviet-sponsored film that impressed Selznick, and *LIFE* published a story on her in 1947 as the "new German star." She also met a U.S. information

officer named Kurt Hirsch, a Czechoslovakian Jew who had lost 12 relatives at Auschwitz. That combination changed her life. Against the advice of all her German friends ("It's too early—America, marriage and everything"), she married Hirsch and accepted Selznick's offer to come to Hollywood. She was 22.

Her friends were right: Hilde's introduction to the U.S. was a disaster. First, there was Astoria, the section of Queens where her husband's parents lived. She hated Astoria, and the elder Hirsches hated her because she was German. She didn't make things any better when she came home one Friday night to find a single candle burning and asked if the power had gone out. Here is her description of what happened next: "The father looks up sharply, the mother mumbles something and scrapes crumbs from the tablecloth. The father's got a chair in his hand, his eyes grow round and glassy, his lips form an oval, his nostrils flare, he raises the chair above his head, a leg breaks the lightbulb, splinters shower over the table and icebox, the dog howls; slow-motion ballet—slow, lazy, then quicker, in leaps and bounds the hatred splits open, bursts like a water bomb, spits and splashes, screams through barracuda mouths, piranha teeth. Kurt jumps between me and the chair. 'Grab your suitcase,' he yells; the father rips the lid with a breadknife, kicks and punches, I run to the elevator, then to the stairs, doors fly open, on past hair-curlers, face cream, dressing gowns and aprons, toothbrushes in outstretched hands . . ." Kurt, it seems, had never told her about the Jewish Sabbath.

Hollywood wasn't much better. Miss Knef's portrait of the palmy paradise in those days is perceptive, savage and funny. David Selznick: "Stiff spikes of hair waggled over his brow like chrysanthemum leaves. . . . 'I don't know any German girls,' he said, and tugged at my jacket. Two buttons sprang away like flat stones that one skips over water. The man, smelling of mouthwash and aftershave, was more menacing than the Russians. . . . 'I feel sick,' I said."

After almost two years of nothing but screen tests and English lessons, she fled back to Berlin. For the next half-dozen years she shuttled



This 1947 *LIFE* picture of Hilde and a German fan helped start her to Hollywood and international stardom.

Again

between Europe and America. In 1951 she made a German movie called *The Sinner*, in which one scene, brief and tastefully shot from the back, showed her nude. It drew two million Germans in three weeks. It also drew a thunder of denunciation from pastors and politicians.

In 1955 she played the lead in *Silk Stockings*, the Cole Porter-George S. Kaufman musical version of the Garbo movie *Ninotchka*. Her diarylike chronicle of the longest pre-Broadway tryout in theatrical history, of Don Ameche, who always went onstage with a rosary in his pocket and drank a bottle of Jack Daniel's every Saturday night, is a delight. At one point in the run, owing to finagling by a trusted adviser, she had only \$16 to show for the whole exercise. After 15 months of the (post-tryout) run, she limped back to Germany owing the U.S. \$65,000 in taxes, but by that time she had accumulated enough money to spend a year recuperating in St. Moritz.

In 1959, long divorced, she met an English actor named David Anthony Palestanga. He was 26, she 33, and they fell in love. His wife wouldn't shed him, so Hilde and he lived together and almost starved together. Their liaison put her on the Catholic blacklist in Germany, her films were banned in 64 towns, and no film or play producer would touch her. Somehow it all worked out. They were married in 1962. Today they live quietly with their 3-year-old daughter Christina—in and out of rented apartments in St. Moritz and the south of France. He produces her records and mounts her singing tours; together they have played one-night stands in a German version of *Born Yesterday*; he edited and translated the English-language version of *The Gift Horse*.

Curled languidly on a chair in a borrowed farmhouse near Salzburg, Miss Knef, now 45, discussed what writing her story has done for her. Her voice gravels up from her navel, like a 78-rpm record playing at 33⅓. "I've always tried to leave myself wide open to change. I like writing. The isolation of writing, being entirely on your own frequency eight hours a day for a year and a half, is moronic in a way. But it also got me away from that stage fright of not knowing what to do with yourself when you're not onstage." ■

Author Hilde bestrides a carousel horse given to her by her German publisher when her book sales soared.





The traffic jam in Block Island's harbor, where more than 200 racing yachts "dress ship" in their Sunday best (above), was no tighter than the crush of racers at one of the marks (right).

Don't even try to guess what this mass of fiber glass and aluminum, teak and brass is worth. If ever a flotilla deserved J. P. Morgan's classic remark about yachting costs—"Anybody who has to think about them had better not get one"—it was the yachts that gathered recently at Block Island off the Rhode Island coast for a week of races. Sponsored by the Storm Trysail Club, the biennial Block Island Week has become this country's answer to Royal Cowes Week in England. Ocean racing greyhounds designed for passages of hundreds of miles to distant finish lines wheeled around the Block Island buoys in races so short that everybody was back in time for the daily cocktail parties and general frolicking. But when the starting guns for the different classes sounded each morning, the competition was as fierce as if the America's Cup itself were at stake.


Photographed by GEORGE SILK

Gold-plated



regatta for 214 yachts





As the fleet jockeys at the starting line, sails loom like a picket fence above the narrow spit separating Block Island's Great Salt Pond from the open ocean. Other yachts, running through haze (below), skirt a menacing reef.

Once around the island then



home for fun and games

On the following pages a lone yacht, off by itself in search of a slant of wind that will carry it to the next mark before the rest of the fleet, knifes through a thin surface layer of fog, flying almost blind in a tight cocoon of gray.





Who can stand 32,580 seconds of

Clint Eastwood ?



As the poised, lethal Man With No Name on posters advertising his films, or as Dirty Harry (far left), an off-beat San Francisco police detective, Eastwood has made sudden violence and whopping profits his trademarks.



Just about everybody

by JUDY FAYARD

"Spend the night with Clint Eastwood" invites the marquee. "Spend the day with Clint Eastwood" offers the ad. For a dollar or two the moviegoer can partake of a nine-hour minifestival of early-Eastwood "spaghetti westerns." At various military base theaters, the fan in uniform can spend the week with Clint Eastwood. Clint Eastwood film festivals? Even Bogart retrospectives did not appear until long after his death. But a few of Eastwood's films—*A Fistful of Dollars*, *For a Few Dollars More*—have been rereleased 15 times.

It has been said that Clint Eastwood learned to act at the Mount Rushmore Dramatic Academy—but his films have grossed close to \$200 million. His acting style has been compared to that of a short redwood tree—but he is the second leading

box-office draw in the U.S. (behind Paul Newman and in front of Steve McQueen and John Wayne). This year he was named the number one international star by a poll conducted for the Hollywood Foreign Press Association.

As an unspectacular television actor from the long-running *Rawhide* series, Eastwood was paid \$15,000 in 1964 to star in a low-budget western filmed in Spain by Italian director Sergio Leone. ("They couldn't afford an expensive actor," says Eastwood, "so they hired me.") The film was *A Fistful of Dollars*, the stark, violent fairy tale that was one of the earliest of the "spaghetti westerns." It immediately broke box-office records all over Europe, grossing some \$4 million in Italy alone, and spawned two more Leone-Eastwood oaters (*For a*

CONTINUED

'He doesn't act, but it's irrelevant'

CONTINUED

Few Dollars More; The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly) and hundreds of imitations. Two years later the *Dollar* films were released in this country. They were an instant high-camp sensation, and the phrase "Clint Eastwood movie" was on its way to becoming a generic term. "Fistful established the pattern," Eastwood says. "That was the first film in which the protagonist initiated the action—he shot first."

Eastwood now controls his own company, Malpaso Productions, which produces or coproduces his films. He averages \$1,000,000 a picture, plus a percentage. And for certain films he also gets a percentage of the Italian grosses, because of his special star status in Italy.

The character Eastwood plays is invariably a man in total control, able to handle anything. He is his own law, and his own morality—independent, unfettered, invulnerable, unfathomable and unbelievable. He is a nondimensional symbol of man as pure superiority. He is a heavy dude. He is superstud.

"To a man, Clint Eastwood is all strength," says a fan who has never missed one of his films. "He is all man. He is sensitive to everything happening to people around him, but he doesn't care about anybody but himself. You don't fool around with Clint Eastwood." His audience is largely male and his films are said to play especially well in the ghettos of Harlem and Chicago.

Eastwood's style is to shoot first and act afterwards. He etches his characters virtually without words. He has developed the art of underplaying to the point that anyone around him who so much as flinches looks hammy histrionic. "Eastwood doesn't act, really," says one Eastwood watcher, "but it's irrelevant. All he has to do is stand there

looking scruffy and intense and people love it."

What Eastwood does have is "presence." When he is on the screen, he is definitely, unarguably *there*. Like Rushmore and the redwood tree, he is hard to miss.

The crew of *Dirty Harry*, plus half a dozen big trucks, a couple of trailers and two huge cranes, is set up at an intersection in downtown San Francisco. The night is clear and cool, and the small groups of curious onlookers who have gathered at the shadowy edges of the harsh, arc-lighted glare are buttoned up against the wind. Two girls who will be extras for a crowd scene, their heads towering monuments to extra-hold spray net, are listening to instructions from the assistant director, but their eyes are turned toward the opposite corner.

Clint Eastwood moves easily across the street toward the crew, coatless, his hair egg-beaten and eyes sparkling with exhilaration. He is tall (six feet four inches), with chiseled features and long, fine bones. At 43 he still looks draft-age, but deep lines and creases have begun to strengthen his once almost pretty face.

He is directing this sequence of the film in which, as detective "Dirty Harry" Callahan, he rescues a would-be suicide from a sixth-story window, and he is having a good time.

Director Don Siegel has been off the set for a day with the flu, but Eastwood would have directed this particular sequence anyway, because it is a "Clintus," as opposed to a "Siegelini." "Clintus" is what Siegel and Eastwood call a particular shot or bit of business that is Eastwood's idea. There is a sprinkling of "Clintus" shots in the four films that Siegel has directed.

Eastwood stands with the camera operator, discussing the angle he wants, pointing, explaining, questioning. He has long, expressive hands that are constantly in motion as he talks. As always when he appears in public, fans come up in twos and threes, paper and pencils extended. He stops for every one, good-naturedly asking names and chatting briefly. One young Japanese boy comes up to him shyly with a copy of *Mad* magazine, and Clint breaks into a grin as he sees himself in comic-book caricatures entitled "Fistful of Lasagne" and "For a Few Ravioli More."

The crew takes a break at three in the morning, and Clint joins a couple of guys for a beer in a narrow bar across the street. There is a lot of joking and some genial horseplay, and Eastwood winds up sitting at the bar throwing dice with a persistent lady who won't take evasion for an answer.

"The studio allowed six nights for this shot," he says, continuing another conversation as he takes his turn. "I told them I could shoot it in two. So I'll finish it in one—really stick it in and give it a twist."

CONTINUED



In pursuit of a psychopathic sniper, Eastwood, who prefers not to use stunt men, leaps from railroad trestle to bus top on the set of *Dirty Harry*.



His friend Don Siegel (right) has directed Eastwood in four recent films. Siegel himself appears in the forthcoming *Play Misty for Me*, directed by Eastwood.

Swathed in bandages after a brutal beating scene in *Dirty Harry*, Eastwood rarely escapes mayhem in films. His fans appreciate that he gives more than he takes.



'I'm sure enough about who I am'

CONTINUED

"What's wrong with the movies . . ." somebody at the bar begins. Eastwood cuts in before the sentence is finished, and his voice, normally gentle, sharpens for an instant. "There's nothing wrong with the movies. There's something wrong with the people who make the movies. If we could do away with some of the padding . . . some of those studio people, those men in their black suits sitting at their desks, who've been around for a hundred years . . ."

"Take the ad campaign on *The Beguiled*," he continues, speaking of his most recently released movie. "They tried to sell it as if it were another western. People who go in expecting to see a western are disappointed, and people who don't like westerns—but who might like *Beguiled*—don't go because of the ad. The only way the film could do really well is if we could draw on those people who don't ordinarily like 'Clint Eastwood,' as well as those who do. People who like 'Clint Eastwood' won't like *Beguiled*. I get offed."

He finishes his beer and goes back to set up the final shots of the night's work. "He'll make a hell of a good director," says the sound man after Eastwood leaves. "He knows the technical end, and he sets things up with the crew. He gets in with the guys right away."

Finally, at 5:30 a.m., the shooting is wrapped up. Clint flops into a chair. He has been climbing on and off a crane, fistfighting in a stunt scene six stories above the ground, and crawling on a window ledge on his hands and knees. Not a single wrinkle shows in his sharply pressed suit.

"Clint and I were working together, digging holes for swimming pools, clearing \$57 a week," re-

members a longtime friend. "And I told him then, 'You should be an actor. You could make it. Because people notice you. Even when we go in a restaurant, people turn and look at you.' 'They probably just think we stole something,' he said. He told me to shut up and dig."

He didn't set out to be an actor. He had, he claims, no intentions of doing anything at all. "Clint," says a friend who has known him since his high school days, "wanted to do as little as possible. Not because he's lazy—he's not. But because he just was not concerned with all the trappings of ambition and status and 'making it.' It's impossible to imagine Clint as a salesman, or a business executive."

Clinton Eastwood Jr. was born in San Francisco and grew up in a lot of small towns in northern California. He graduated from Oakland Technical High School, then wandered the West Coast, in and out of a dozen different jobs. He was a logger in Oregon, a steelworker, and even—stuff of movie legends—a gas station attendant. After serving his army tour of duty at Fort Ord, Calif., where his job was pulling out of the pool any recruits who couldn't pass the swimming test, he moved to Los Angeles and spent a short while at L.A. City College. He also did a stint as a lifeguard, pumped more gas and dug holes for swimming pools.

He married a pretty girl named Maggie, a former model, and ran around with a bunch of buddies, many of whom he still sees. They like to talk about the times Maggie was the only one working, or the time Eastwood set off a chain of explosives in a neighbor's laundry room. He was

short on ambition and direction in those days; physical labor was the easiest and least binding work, and he drifted out of jobs as easily as he drifted into them.

"We were working for the United Pool Company," recounts George Fargo, a friend of 20 years. "One day I got fired, and the boss looked over and saw Clint unbuttoning his work shirt. 'What're you doing?' the guy asked Clint. And Clint just said very casually, 'Well, George is my friend, he hasn't got a ride home.' And he quit, just like that."

He meandered into the movie business almost as casually, surfacing in 1954 with a contract at Universal Studios. He became a member of the studio's new talent program, was advised to have his teeth fixed and stand up straight, and played a few bit parts. He fell into the *Rawhide* role when producer Robert Sparks noticed him in a CBS hallway, and he spent seven years as Rowdy Yates. Then, in the summer of 1964, he was hired for *A Fistful of Dollars*. The rest is pasta.

Eastwood seems a quintessential westerner. He lives simply, for a rich man, in a big-but-ordinary house in Carmel, with his wife of 17 years, his 3-year-old son Kyle, and a basset hound named Symphony Sid. Although he keeps a Ferrari and a couple of motorcycles, he often prefers the Chevy pickup he has had for years. He favors old clothes, old friends and cold beers.

The word most often applied to him by his friends is "loyal." He is an old-fashioned man, basically, who holds to his own old-fashioned western ethic. "He is one of the few stars in Hollywood," says a friendly journalist, "who will always remember your name, and will go out of his way to speak to you."

Privacy is another part of his ethic. In a world where he knows what is expected of him, he handles himself with slow and deliberate care. He is meticulous about his physical condition, working out regularly with gym equipment at his home, and he seems to watch his conversation as carefully as he does his weight; the pauses between sentences sometimes stretch into days. He is unsophisticated but intelligent, with a mischievous sense of humor that slips out from time to time.

Like the character he plays, Eastwood feels most comfortable in the all-male world of beers, admiring women and uncomplicated language, a world in which he is sometimes known as "Slick." "I think I'm sure enough about who I am," he says. "I don't have to worry about proving anything." That simple affirmation of self may explain his popularity.

"A lot of actors have gotten too involved with trying to make message pictures," he says. "And there's nobody in the theater to get the message. You have to give people good entertainment first. If I started to pay too much attention to what the reviewers say, I'd have an ulcer." Thus unburdened, he opened another beer and smiled that devastating smile: "I've never left half a beer on the table in my life."



Three-year-old Kyle Eastwood watches his father attack a crab in a Fisherman's Wharf restaurant. Ill at

ease in Hollywood social circles, Eastwood prefers to spend his off-screen time with nonshow-biz friends.

Never a rough puff



Come all the way up to KOOL

© 1971, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

Never a rough puff. Not with the taste of extra coolness in Kools. And now, for more smooth sailing, we're offering you the world's most popular sailboat, the Sea Snark. Ordinarily you'd pay about \$120 for this portable, unsinkable eleven-foot sailboat. But you can get it from Kool for only \$88 (includes delivery) and one Kool carton end flap. So get Kool and stay cool, with the Sea Snark, and the only cigarette with the taste of extra coolness. Kool.

COOL OFFER!

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete sailboat (pictured at right), including thirty-pound molded polystyrene hull, aluminum mast and spars, forty-five square-foot nylon sail, fittings, lines, rudder, centerboard and sailing instruction booklet.

Allow six weeks for delivery. This offer expires December 31, 1971, is limited to U.S.A., and is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Important: Make certified check or money order payable to: Kool Sailboat Offer. Mail to P.O. Box 3000, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

Please send me _____ SEA SNARK(S). For each boat I enclose a carton end flap from any size KOOL plus \$88. ☐ Certified check ☐ Money order
I am 21 years of age or over.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

BRING US THE BEST DEAL A GM, FORD OR CHRYSLER DEALER WILL GIVE YOU ON A CAR. WE'LL GIVE YOU A BETTER ONE.

The 1972 cars are on their way now, and to make room for them every car dealer is offering you good deals on a car.

But before you take advantage of anybody's good deal, we'd like to ask you to shop around.

Compare the Maverick, Duster and Comet with our Hornet. Consider our Gremlin against the Pinto and Vega. Or do the same with any of our other cars. The Ambassador, Matador, Javelin or Sportabout.

You'll find that model for model our cars offer you more than most of the competition. Either in terms of styling, roominess, horsepower, or whatever.

You'll find that even without the promise of a better price, our cars are really a better deal.

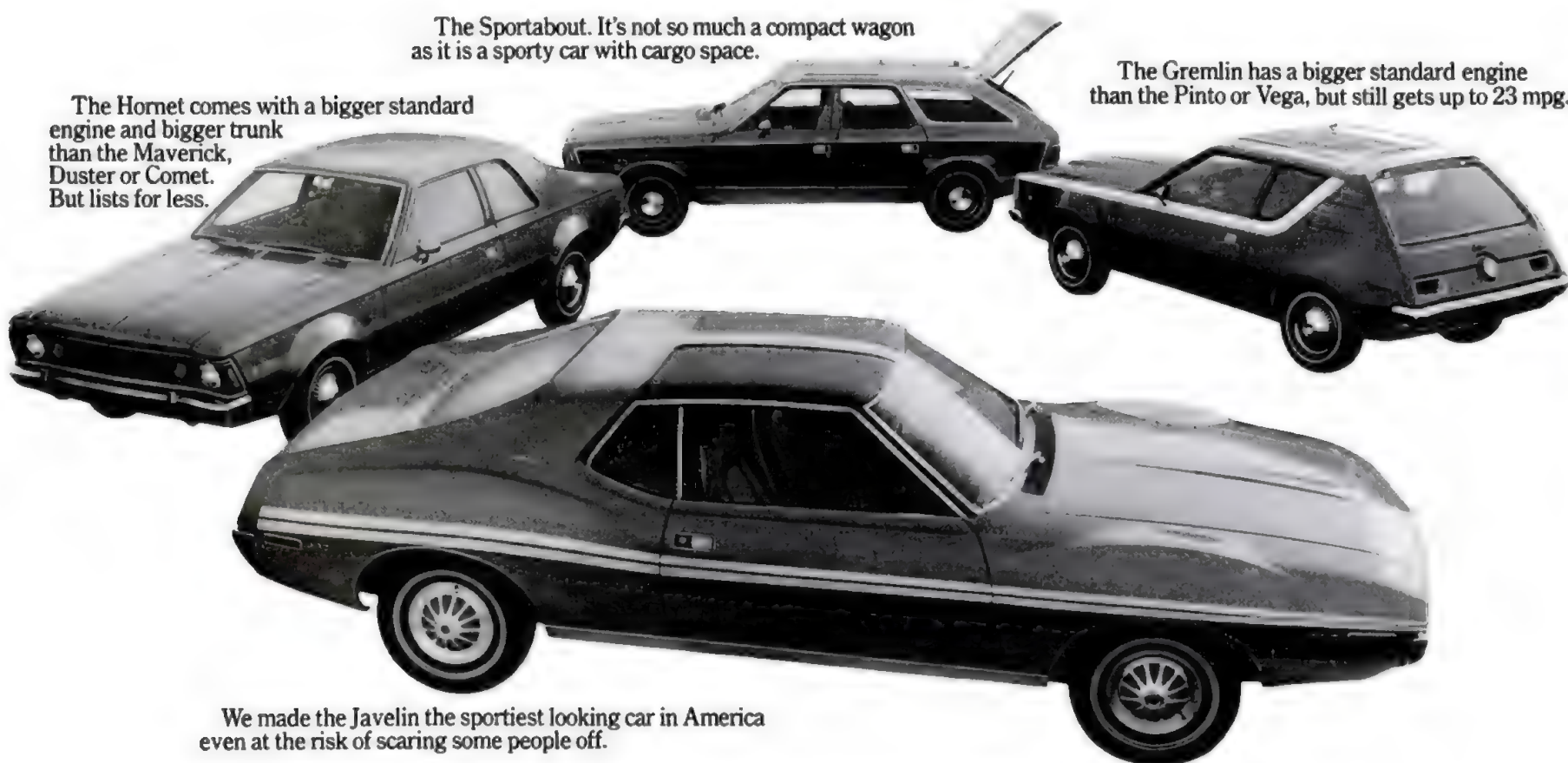
Maybe all this is more than you expect from a car dealer.

But if you had to compete with GM, Ford and Chrysler dealers, what would you do?

The Sportabout. It's not so much a compact wagon as it is a sporty car with cargo space.

The Hornet comes with a bigger standard engine and bigger trunk than the Maverick, Duster or Comet. But lists for less.

The Gremlin has a bigger standard engine than the Pinto or Vega, but still gets up to 23 mpg.



We made the Javelin the sportiest looking car in America even at the risk of scaring some people off.

AMERICAN MOTORS DEALERS

See your Yellow Pages for your nearest American Motors dealer.

At a Washington party in 1953, soon after they had left public office, Harry Truman and Dean Acheson exchanged greetings. Acheson served as Truman's Secretary of State for a full four years, from 1949 to 1953.



Pungent Memories from Mr. Acheson

Kenneth Harris is a British journalist who was stationed in Washington during the early 1950s. He recently interviewed 78-year-old former U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson for BBC television, and the following conversation is drawn from that interview.

Dean Acheson's appointment as Secretary of State was one of the first things Harry Truman did when he was elected President of the United States in 1948. The Korean War began in June 1950. It went badly for General MacArthur, the American commander of the United Nations forces. Later, there was talk of withdrawal and of using the atomic bomb. The British prime minister, Clement Attlee, flew to meet the President in Washington. I asked Mr. Acheson how deep was the distrust which the British government seemed to have of the Americans at this time.

I think it was not distrust on the part of the British: it was alarm. Mr. Attlee did quite right to do this. But the President made a great flub in a press conference. The press led Mr. Truman on. They said: who decides what weapons are to be used in fighting in Korea? And Mr. Truman quite naturally said: why, the commanding general. Was this true of air, ground, navy? Surely—it's true of everything. Would this be true of the atomic bomb? Mr. Truman unhappily said yes. Well, the answer was no. The law said that only the President could authorize the use of this weapon. So after this thing was over, we all rushed around like chickens without heads and we put out a clarification. The clarification said, unhappily the President made a mistake or misunderstood the question, because it isn't up to the general, it's up to *him* to decide it. Before the clarification caught up with the rest of the news conference, there was a hot debate going on in the House of Commons. It was a terrible thing that General MacArthur was going to decide whether the atomic bomb would be used in Korea, and Mr. Attlee said: I will fly to the United States this afternoon and take this up with the President. By that time we'd said this wasn't the case, but Mr. Attlee was up to his ears in flight and he had to come. He arrived here: they were to meet at 10:30 the next morning to discuss this. I was early at the department and Bob Lovett called me from the Pentagon and said: "When I finish talking with you, you cannot reach me again. All incoming calls

will be stopped. A national emergency is about to be proclaimed. We are informed that there is flying over Alaska at the present moment a formation of Russian planes headed southeast. The President wishes the British ambassador to be informed of this and be told that he and Mr. Attlee should take whatever measures they think are proper for Mr. Attlee's safety. I've now finished my message and am about to ring off." I said: "Well, wait a minute, Bob. Before you do, do you believe this?" And Bob said: "No, good-bye." And hung up. The radar had reported a formation flight coming over Alaska. It was interpreted to be Russian planes, all our air forces were alerted and were in the air, and continued in the air for some hours. Later it was discovered that these were geese. But they were perfect bombers: they flew in bomber formation and they couldn't have done better. I gave the message to Oliver Franks, who said to me in his very calm way: "Are you going to be at the White House at 10 o'clock?" I said: "Yes, I am." And he said: "We will be there, too." But it gave us an idea of what it felt like at any rate to have bombers headed toward you.

It's often been said that the relationship between you and President Truman is the best relationship between a President and a Secretary of State that has ever been. You and he are two quite different people; you come from different backgrounds. Why did you get on so well?

I think in part for that very reason. I think in part we were able to see one another quite clearly and without any sense of rivalry of any sort at all. The President's qualities seemed to me to be utterly superb. He felt that he could trust me with anything. And he could—this was right. He hadn't been President more than a year, the war being over, when it was decided we should resume the old custom of having a diplomatic dinner. When we came to look at the diplomatic list, it had vastly increased. It was not possible to do what we had done in the past.

CONTINUED

'I get a great deal of pleasure out of Agnew'



Since 1953, Acheson has been a Washington lawyer. A frequent counselor on international affairs, he was recently invited to the White House by President Nixon and spoke out against cutting back American forces with NATO in Europe.

CONTINUED

So our Chief of Protocol had a very happy bright idea: we would have two dinners; we would put all the embassies in alphabetical order in the English language and have one dinner made up of the odd numbers and one made up of the even numbers.

On the afternoon of the dinner, a girl came to my office very much upset and said she'd just had a call and that the Russian ambassador was ill and unable to come to the dinner and that the chargé was ill. And so I went over to the White House and we rearranged all the tables and we had quite a how-do-you-do about all of this. And it was a very nice dinner, it went off very well. The next morning I was summoned to the White House. The President said: "What do you call it when you want to get a man out of the country?" "You mean *persona non grata*?" "That's it," he said. "That Russian, that's what he is to me. Now you get him out of the country right away: he's been rude to Mrs. Truman." And I said: "Well, Mr. President, let's sort of think about this a little bit, because I really don't think it's the Russian's fault at all. I think it was our fault. I've now discovered that probably the reason he didn't come was that we had invited the ambassadors of Estonia and Latvia, which are now parts of Russia so far as the Soviet Union is concerned, to the same dinner, because they turned out to be odd or even or whatever the thing was, and this was stupid of us, and undoubtedly he'd been directed by Moscow not to come." And he said: "Nevertheless, he's been rude to Mrs. Truman, and out he goes." At that point his secretary came in, picked up the house telephone and gave it to him, and he listened for a while and said: "Yes, my dear, I'm talking with him now." And a little more talk, and he said: "This is Mrs. Truman, you talk with her." So I got on the telephone and Mrs. Truman said: "Dean, you mustn't let Harry do this." And I said: "Well, that's all very well for you to say, but how do we stop him?" And she didn't say anything for a moment, and then an idea occurred to me, so I pretended that she had said something to me, and I said: "Oh, Mrs. Truman, I don't know whether I really ought to do that." And I heard her sort of chuckle at the other end. I listened some more. And I said: "Too big for his breeches? Oh no, you mustn't say a thing like that. Surely, people will say it, but we mustn't say it. Above himself? Oh no, Mrs. Truman." He said: "Give me that telephone." I handed it back to him and he said: "All right, Bess. You and Dean are both against me. I guess I'm licked and I'll just give in." The unfortunate man we were talking about was named Ambassador Novikov, and as I went out of the room the President said: "Tell old Novacaine we didn't miss him."

I understand that you created problems for the State Department with Congress by being rather arrogant toward them.

The question is: was I? I suppose in a way, yes. But this was usually said by people who were not in Congress. I never heard a congressman say this, or a senator. Congress did everything we asked them to do, every single thing. We got appropriations for foreign aid of \$8 billion a year. Nowadays they have a terrible time getting \$1 billion or \$1.5 billion. We had plenty of rows, but so many people make a mistake in thinking that it's important to be loved. I never really had any great yearning to be loved. I've wanted to be successful in what I was doing, and if I was successful I'd leave the love to somebody else.

You've written that McCarthy was a kind of ghastly flash in the pan, and that that kind of thing could never happen again. But do you think it's possible to draw a parallel between what McCarthy was doing in the '50s and what Vice-President Agnew is doing in his relations with the American press?

McCarthy was a thoroughly bad man. He was a horrid little creature. One just couldn't have any respect for him. He didn't even have courage. There was just nothing about him that was good, and he was underhanded, mean. He was a slimy little rodent of

a creature. There's none of that in the Vice-President at all, and there was none of that in the troubles in the last election. It's true that it was bitter. American politics have always been conducted on a very low level. We do not rise to great heights of principle. One only has to recall what happened at the time of the Civil War; the abuse of President Lincoln was just dreadful. The abuse of President Washington was the same. We're a rough, tough people. Furthermore, your own profession, I think, is a very thin-skinned one: they can dish it out, but they can't take it. When people start criticizing the press, the press screams: it's a foul blow, you can't do that to me, I am engaged in a great public service. Therefore, they think Agnew is a dreadful person. I get a great deal of pleasure out of Agnew. I don't agree with him. I know him fairly well, and I've protested to him that he would do better to do less of this, but I don't feel this is McCarthy at all.

What is your assessment of de Gaulle?

I thought highly of de Gaulle as a person. I thought very little of de Gaulle as a statesman. Even the idea that he did a great deal for France seemed to me not to be the case. I thought the same thing could be done for France by someone who didn't do as much harm to Europe as he did. But as a person he was a delight. A great person. He seemed to me to be out of touch with the real world. He seemed even more of a 17th century character than an 18th or 19th century. He was living in a palace of ghosts. People were walking around with wigs, and a century which had been long dead was all around us. But he was a man of great character. When President Kennedy sent me over in 1962 to tell him about the Cuban missile crisis, this came out very fully. I arrived in France totally unknown to everybody—at least my arrival was unknown. I added to the mystery by asking Gen. de Gaulle to send two of the staff cars to bring us over. I didn't want an embassy car, I didn't want any indication at all to the press or the public that anything unusual was happening. So he sent two small French cars, and we drove down into the garage basement of the palace and were led up through the basement past the wine closets. There were all sorts of steel doors with little eyelet holes in them, and people would look through and give a password. I had a very amusing CIA friend along, with the photographs. Halfway through this, he said: "D'Artagnan, is that saber loose in the scabbard?" And I said: "Aye, Porthos." And he said: "Be on the alert. The Cardinal's men may be waiting." Finally, we were brought up into the cabinet room, where an old friend of ours, whose name was Lebel, greeted us. The president met me at the left-hand front corner of his desk, standing there looking the height of dignity but with a slightly bizarre quality about him. He struck me as looking like a pear on top of two toothpicks. He had narrow shoulders, a rather large nose, which was the stem of the pear. Then he went down to a rather round stomach and behind, and then two very long, very thin legs. He stood there and said to me: "Your President has done me great honor in sending so distinguished an emissary." Well, this quite overcame me: there was no answer in the book as to what you said to something like that. So it seemed to me that the thing to do was to say nothing. So I just bowed, deeply, and then he turned around, sat down at his desk, folded his hands and motioned me to a chair.

Lebel was there to interpret, and I thought: well, this is going to be pretty formal, but we'll carry it through. So I sat down, put my hand in my pocket, pulled out a letter from the President to him and said: "A letter from the President of the United States." And handed it to him. Well, this startled him very much: the idea that nuclear weapons were being put by the Russians into Cuba was new to him. I then pulled out another piece of paper and said: "Here is a speech which the President will make in three or four hours from now telling the country what is going on, and what he proposes to do." The general took it, and I said: "Perhaps I can abbreviate this for you. These mis-

CONTINUED

Delta has more nonstops from New York to Atlanta than any other airline.

Our 5:30pm nonstop from LaGuardia makes four a day to Atlanta from New York's closest airport. And when you add in Delta's nonstops from JFK and Newark, it's a dozen a day. That's more nonstops to Atlanta than any other airline. And we're the only airline with thrifty Night Coaches from all three airports. The fare's just \$49, tax included.

We fly three nonstops daily to New Orleans, with an evening nonstop that features fabulous Royal Service dining in First Class. There's a great Tourist menu, too. Or for an extra saving, take our Night Coach. It's only \$70, including tax.

Our nonstops take off to Houston morning, afternoon and evening. If you'd like to save \$21, compared with Day Tourist, take Delta's Night Coach. The fare is only \$82, tax included.

Charge your air fare. Delta honors American Express and all other major general-purpose credit cards. For instant reservations thru Deltamatic®, call one of the Delta professionals in New York at 751-6600, in New Jersey at 642-2228. Or see your Travel Agent.



Leave New York	Arrive Atlanta	Arrive New Orleans	Arrive Houston
7:25a K	9:25a Nonstop	10:30a*	—
7:30a N	9:26a Nonstop	10:30a*	11:04a
9:30a K	—	—	11:54a Nonstop
9:15a L	11:09a Nonstop	11:55a*	—
9:30a N	11:27a Nonstop	12:14p*	—
10:35a L	—	1:58p	—
1:20p K	3:18p Nonstop	—	—
1:20p N	—	3:00p Nonstop	—
2:25p K	—	—	4:49p Nonstop
2:25p N	—	—	4:44p Nonstop
2:50p L	4:44p Nonstop	6:12p	—
4:00p N	5:57p Nonstop	—	—
5:55p K <i>Royal Service</i>	—	—	8:19p Nonstop
5:30p L	7:24p Nonstop	—	—
6:58p K <i>Royal Service</i>	—	8:50p Nonstop	10:19p
9:15p N Night Coach	11:12p Nonstop	—	—
9:15p K Night Coach	11:13p Nonstop	—	—
9:15p L Night Coach	11:09p Nonstop	—	—
9:30p K Night Coach	—	11:22p Nonstop	12:46a
3:10a K Night Coach	5:08a Nonstop	6:36a*	7:05a*

K—Kennedy, N—Newark, L—LaGuardia. *Via connection.

Tourist fares: Atlanta—Day \$61, Night Coach \$49;
New Orleans—Day \$88, Night Coach \$70;
Houston—Day \$103, Night Coach \$82.

Fares include 8% U.S. Transportation Tax.

**Fly Delta nonstop to
CHARLOTTE and BIRMINGHAM**

Delta is ready when you are!

The automobile industry has yet to find a paint that can make a car run better.

Making a used car look like new is a quick, easy process.

Making a used car work like new, isn't.

This is why so many used car dealers just pretty up cars that should be fixed up.

Like their competitors, "Svensk Testad" dealers sell cars that look as good as new.

But they also make sure their cars run every bit as well as they look.

22 THINGS THAT CAN BE WRONG WITH A USED CAR, WON'T BE WRONG WITH YOURS.

"Svensk Testad" is a 22-point inspection and repair procedure originally developed in Sweden.

It's designed to tell you the three things you're most anxious to know when you shop for a used car: the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Before you buy a "Svensk Testad" used car, you get to see the "Svensk Testad" inspection form that comes with it.

Listed on the form are 22 potential trouble areas that get a thorough going-over by trained "Svensk Testad" mechanics. And, when needed, equally thorough repairs. By examining the form you can see exactly what was wrong with the car when the dealer got it. And exactly what was done to make it right.

Only if a car passes on all 22 points does it get a "Svensk Testad" sticker pasted on its windshield.

And of all the cars a "Svensk Testad" dealer takes in, nearly half aren't good enough to rate a sticker.

Finally, if you're the type who doesn't believe everything he reads, the "Svensk Testad" inspection form is backed up by a 30 day dealer warranty, which any "Svensk Testad" dealer will be happy to show you. The warranty covers the engine, transmission, rear axle, front axle assemblies, brake system, cooling system and electrical equipment (other than trade accessories).

"SVENSK TESTAD" DEALERS AREN'T HONEST FOR NOTHING.

A "Svensk Testad" dealer has used cars of all makes and models: Fords, Chevys, Plymouths, Cadillacs, imports, you name it.

Obviously, it costs him more to bring these cars up to "Svensk Testad" standards than it would if the cars were simply repainted and unloaded.

So it may cost you a few dollars more per month to buy one. But it's worth it not to be stuck with a good-looking car that a few months' driving will make you hate the sight of.



See the Volvo dealer displaying this sign.

CONTINUED

siles were brought into Cuba during the hurricane season, when our usual flights over Cuba could not see through the clouds, and therefore we knew nothing about this until the second week in October, when the clouds cleared off and we began to be able to photograph these things. To our great surprise, we found several places in Cuba where missiles were being installed, more and more as the days went on. I have the photographs of these, and I should be very glad to have them brought in and show Your Excellency the photographs." I was struck by his answer. He said: "Not at all, not now. This is mere evidence, and a great nation such as yours would not take a serious step if there was any doubt about the evidence at all. Therefore, for our purposes the missiles are there." He then told me that I could say to the President, "France will support him," which I thought was really quite lovely. He didn't say: "I will support him," or "my government will." He said: "France will."

What's your assessment of Kennedy?

He was a most attractive person. He had real charm. He did not seem to me to be in any sense a great man. I did not think he knew a great deal about any of the matters which it's desirable that a chief of state or a President of the United States should know about. He was not decisive.

We thought he was: the Cuban crisis, for instance. There was the legend that he was a very decisive man indeed.

Well, it is a legend: it is not the fact, I think. I came into the crisis about the third day of the week. The President asked me to come and see him and I talked with him for quite a while about this crisis. He seemed to me to be repeating some of his brother's clichés, which I had opposed rather vigorously in council. One of them was that if we bombed these Russian missiles, this would be, as Bob Kennedy put it, "Pearl Harbor in reverse." I said both then and when I talked with the President in private that I thought this was a silly way to analyze a problem. Pearl Harbor came out of an unprovoked sudden attack by the Japanese on our passive fleet that was doing nothing. What we were now faced with was the introduction of nuclear weapons into Cuba and what we were going to do about it. To talk about that as a Pearl Harbor in reverse seemed to me high school thought that was unworthy of people charged with the government of a great country. And I said: "You oughtn't to be saying things like this. It is unworthy of you to talk that way." And I remember the President walking over to the French windows that look out onto the Rose Garden in the White House, and he looked out there for a long time. He turned around to me and said: "I think I'd better earn my salary this week." Well, your heart went out to him—but it didn't seem to me greatness. This is not really what I was looking for in the leadership of my country at this point. On other occasions, I'd had experience with him which led me to this conclusion: that he did not have incisiveness and he was really out of his depth where he was. I hate to say this because I know it's going to be misunderstood, but his reputation is greater because of the tragedy of his death than it would have been if he had lived out two terms.

When you were having that very, very rough time as Secretary of State, your enemies as well as your friends paid tribute to your courage and stamina, and many wondered whether it was some kind of religious faith that kept you going. Was it?

I think probably not. I've never been much attracted by theological ideas. Even ethical ideas have seemed to me sometimes ambiguous. What seemed to be most important was a certain stoical attitude toward the world which I felt that my father had to a very great extent. His view was that what happened to you had to be borne, and how you bore it was more important than what it was. More important than how it came out. ■

John Unitas caught the wheat germ from Mickey Mantle

KRETSCHMER
WHEAT GERM?
WHY, MICKEY?

IT HELPS
PUT BACK THE GOOD
THAT PUTS BACK
THE ZIP.



A lot of the foods we eat today aren't as nourishing as they should be. That's why you may need Kretschmer Wheat Germ, rich in natural protein, vitamins and minerals. It's the world's most nutritious natural cereal. Helps supply the energy and stamina you need. Why don't you catch the wheat germ tomorrow at your grocer's? Kretschmer with Sugar 'n Honey, or Regular. **Im** International Multifoods

SPEED
YOUR MAIL

USE
ZIP CODE
NUMBERS
IN ALL ADDRESSES

TOOTHACHE

HELPS STOP PAIN ON CONTACT. PRESCRIBED BY MANY DENTISTS. USED BY MILLIONS.

ora-jel

★ PRODUCT OF PERFORMANCE RESEARCH
★ Good Housekeeping
★ GUARANTEES
★ REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

DRIES UP
MOUTH SORES
Soothing relief in seconds

TANAC helps clear up cold sores, mouth sores, sun blisters, fever blisters, tongue pimples. Helps stop pain, start healing, prevent infection. Can be used inside mouth, too. Try TANAC today — look better, feel better tomorrow.

TANAC

IVY-DRY

FAST ITCH RELIEF for
POISON IVY
POISON OAK and POISON SUMAC
INSECT BITES • SUNBURN

Scientific tannic-acid treatment stops itch, dries up blisters. Gentle and safe. A family favorite for over 20 years. At leading drug counters.

IVY CORP. WEST CALDWELL, N. J.

Call Roto-Rooter

and
away go troubles
down the drain

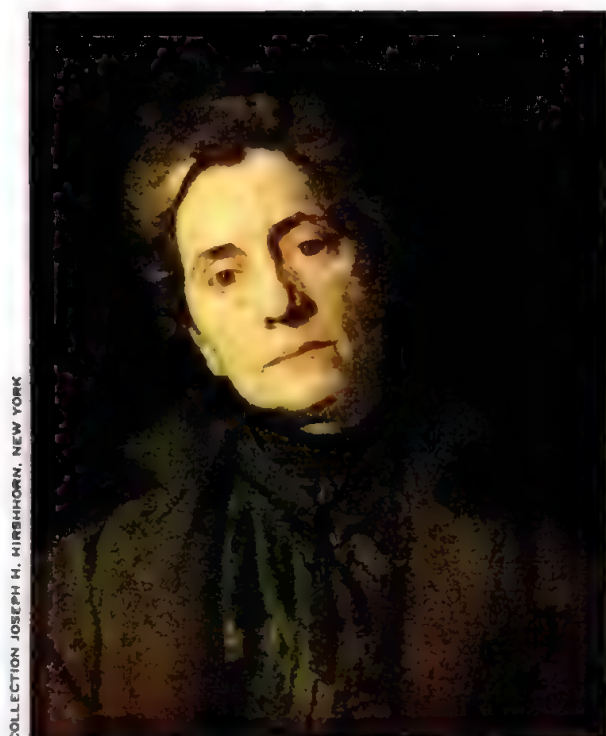
At the first sign of drainage trouble, call your local Roto-Rooter Company. The Roto-Rooter man Razor-Kleens* any drain in your kitchen, laundry, basement or bathroom. Leaves 'em like new. There's only one Roto-Rooter. You'll find it listed in the phone book.

ROTO-ROOTER
SEWER-DRAIN SERVICE

ROTO-ROOTER CORPORATION
West Des Moines, Iowa
* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

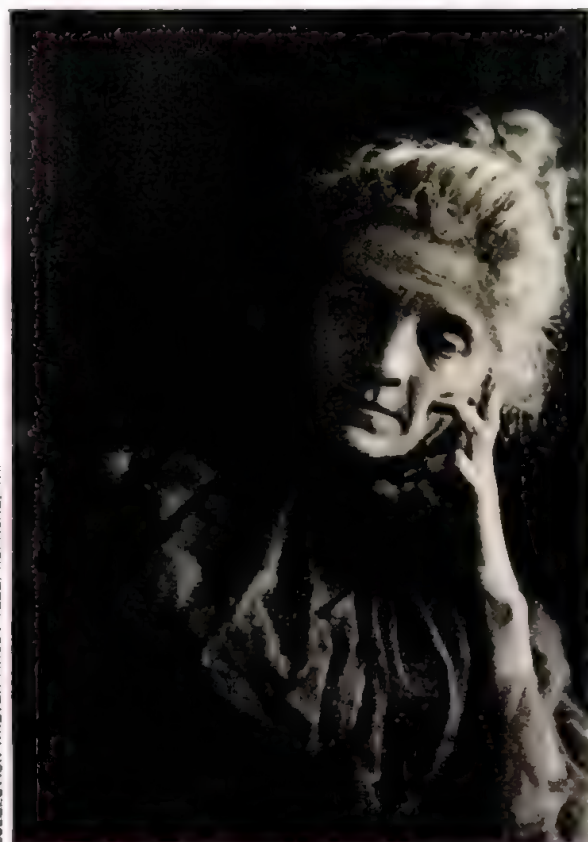
A famous painter was a master photographer

The Camera Eye of



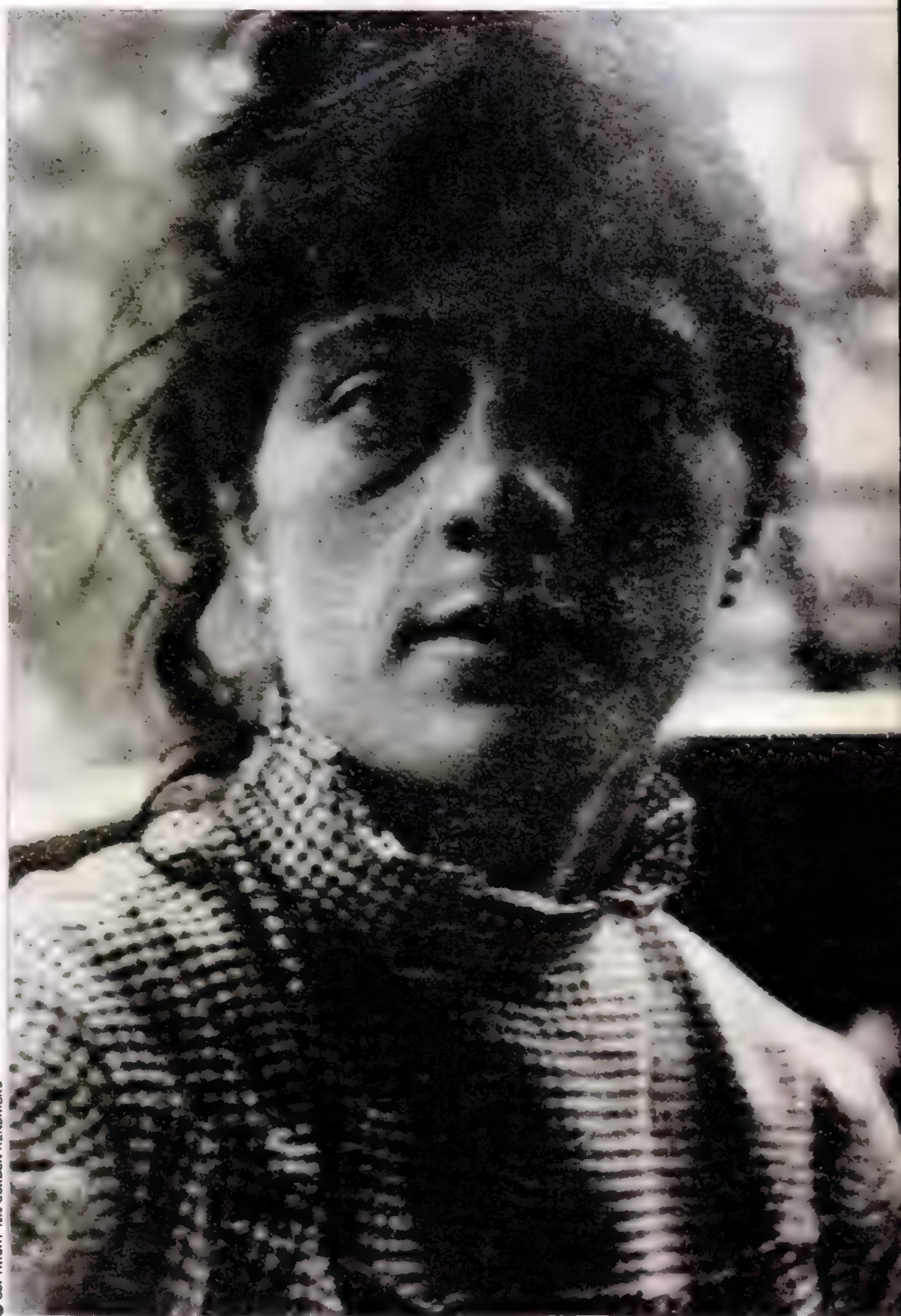
COLLECTION JOSEPH H. HIRSHHORN, NEW YORK

Susan, Eakins's wife, painted about 1899



COLLECTION WALTER MACDOWELL, ROANOKE, VA.

Mrs. Eakins photographed about 1900



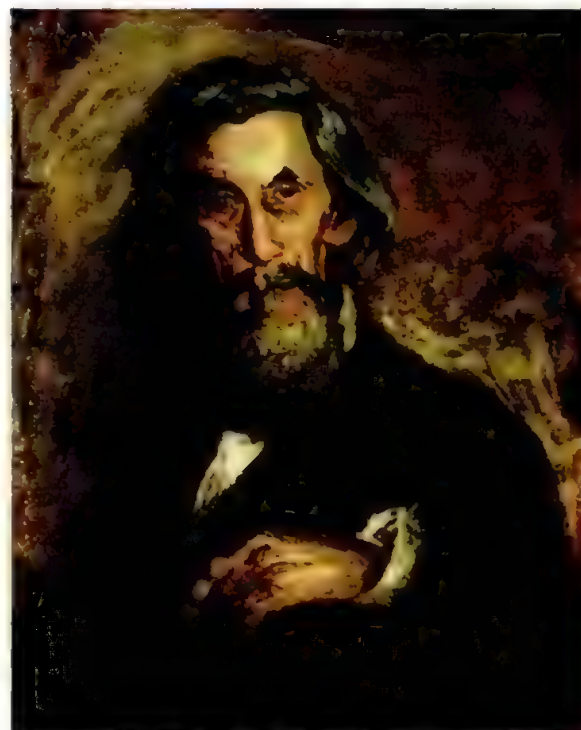
© COPYRIGHT 1970 GORDON HENDRICKS

Mrs. Eakins about 1884

Eakins married Hannah Susan Macdowell in 1884 and often used her as a model. Over the years, he chronicled her moods, from the outgoing young wife above to the resigned older woman at left.

Thomas Eakins

In 1880, the American artist Thomas Eakins acquired a view camera equipped to handle 4x5-inch glass plates. It was a time when cameras were becoming popular, but most serious artists disdained them. Eakins, however, found photography an enthralling new tool for his art. He aimed his lens at his family, friends, students and pets. He did his own developing and enlarging, and sometimes cropped prints to get stronger compositions. Eakins made many formal portraits, and also staged models in poses which he used as a basis for paintings and sculptures. His photographs, here paired with his paintings, have been assembled in a touring exhibition by Eakins specialist Gordon Hendricks. Consisting of some 200 prints, the show is now at the Detroit Institute of Arts.



RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE, LYNCHBURG, VA.

William Macdowell, painted about 1891

Eakins's father-in-law was an engraver. The oil sketch above emphasizes the old man's agile and inquiring mind.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

A photograph by Eakins of his father-in-law William Macdowell, about 1884



Sailboats Racing on the Delaware, 1871

One of Eakins's favorite themes was boating. He often went rowing on the Schuylkill River and sailing on the Delaware. For his sailing paintings, he made elaborate perspective drawings to represent the precise heel of the vessels. Although he photographed the boats, he still complained that they could not be propped up on dry land to be photographed. "I know of no prettier problem in perspective," he said, "than to draw a yacht sailing."



Eakins's photograph of sailboats along the Delaware River



Baby at Play, 1876



Eakins's photograph of a little girl and a doll

Eakins, who had no children of his own, delighted in watching children at play. He often visited his nieces and nephews in Avondale, Pa. where his sister Frances Eakins Crowell was raising a large family on a farm. The little girl at left, so absorbed in her doll, is probably his niece, Katie Crowell, photographed in the late 1880s. Years before that, Eakins painted Katie's older sister Ella (above), playing in the backyard of his Philadelphia house.



COLLECTION JOSEPH H. HIRSHHORN, NEW YORK

One of Eakins's many cats

Two elegant performers, both holding center stage and looking equally earnest, are presented by Eakins with an unusual degree of wit. The singer is Weda Cook, a friend who posed for him over a period of two years; each day's modeling session commenced with her singing *O Rest in the Lord* from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, so that Eakins could study the movements of her mouth and throat. He undoubtedly had much less time—probably two seconds—to capture the cat's attentive expression.

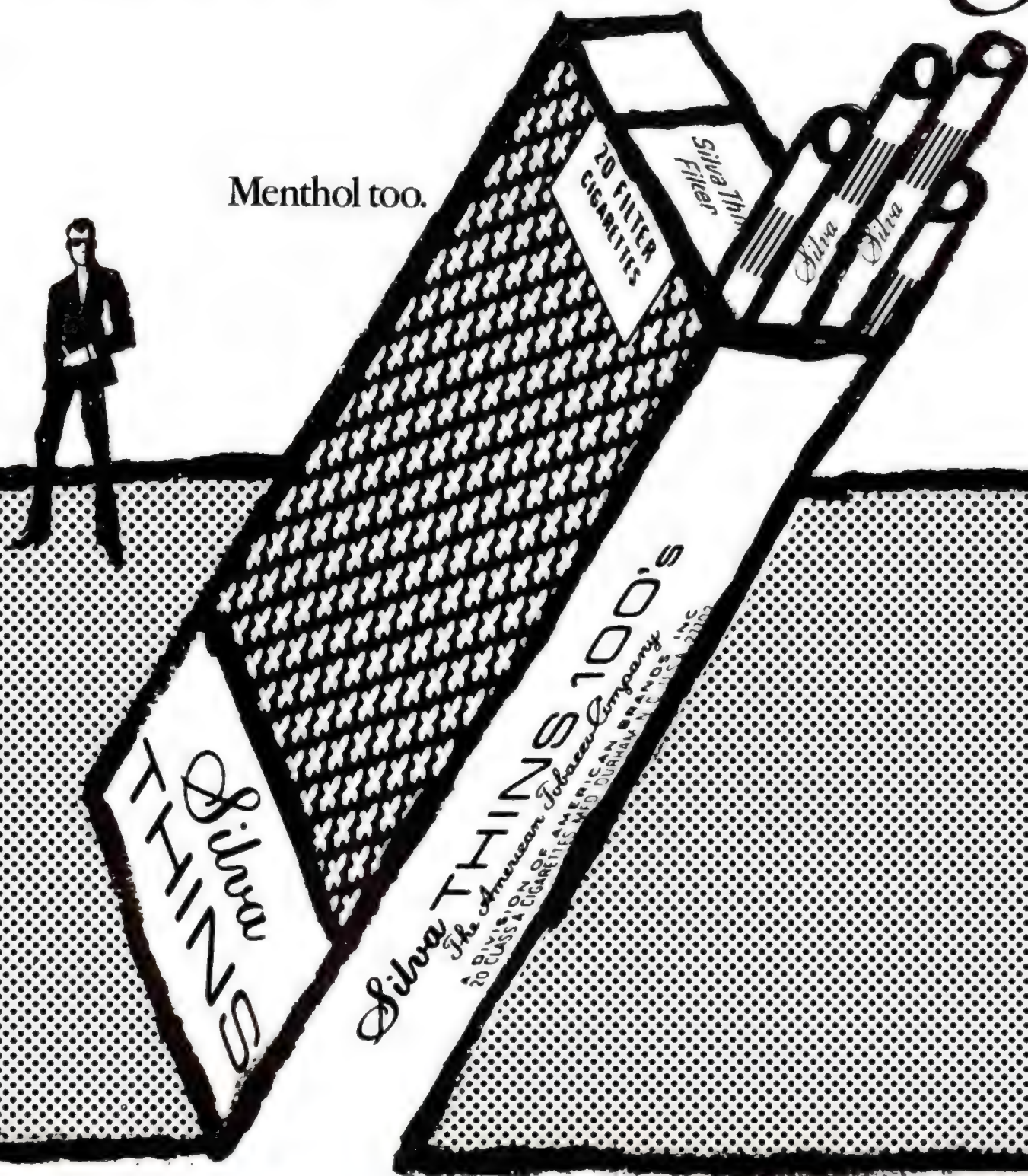


PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

The Concert Singer, 1892

Silva Thins 100's have less "tar" than most Kings.*

Menthol too.



*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT DATA.
Filter: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. Filter Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

- An American's streak at the chessboard
- Some ghosts liven up a lecture hall
- A rhubarb over co-ed little league

PARTING SHOTS

Mr. Fischer, demon of the chess world

In the history of championship chess there had never been such an awesome display of power. Seven weeks ago, America's Bobby Fischer defeated a Russian grandmaster named Mark Taimanov by the unheard-of score of 6-0. Last week, in the second of three elimination matches leading to an eventual showdown with World Champion Boris Spassky, Fischer led Bent Larsen of Denmark 4-0. In ten consecutive matches with two of the dozen best players in the world, he had won every game, not only without a loss but without even a draw. At the grandmaster level, this is equivalent to pitching a series of no-hitters.

Ever since he became U.S. champion at 14, chess experts have predicted that this terrible-tempered prodigy would someday take the world title. The temper is under control now, and the title seems to be within reach. "Fischer at 28 is the strongest player in the world," says Larry Evans, a former U.S. champion. "In fact, the strongest player who ever lived."

Just before Fischer flew to Den-



Bobby Fischer studies a move

ver to play Larsen, we spent five hours together in mid-Manhattan. I'd been led to expect a frail, bespectacled spook. Instead I found a blond giant with an oarsman's shoulders, a big easy smile and eyes so open that a bird could fly in one and out the other.

"C'mon! Got things to do!" Fischer blurted when we met. Then he went striding across town as though city blocks were chess squares. After 50 yards I broke into a muck sweat, but Fischer went barreling on.

"Know anything about chess?" he shot over his shoulder.

"A little," I said.

"Like what?"

"Like you should try to dom-

inate the center of the board."

He yelped with delight. "That's like saying you should try to hit the ball with the bat!"

Was he looking forward to Denver? A grunt. "Been traveling for a year, match to match. I need a personal life. I'm not as narrow as people think, you know. But right now all I think of is the championship. Chess is my whole life."

Did he expect to beat Larsen? "He's good. But I think I'm the best around. I don't say that to brag. I think it's true. I love the game—and I hate the Russians because they've almost ruined it. They only risk the title when they have to, every three years. They play for draws with each other but play to win against the Western masters. Draws make for dull chess, wins make for fighting chess.

"Hey!" he said, looking surprised. "It's after 5. I haven't eaten yet today. How about a steak?" When the steak came, a thick sirloin, he ripped into it. "Good!" he mumbled through a big bite. "Good!" He ate as he did everything else, with a kind of focused fury.

"He is terrifically keen," Larry Evans had told me. "His chess is clean, clear, classical, but at the same time aggressive and dynamic. He hates defensive positions. He prefers a weakness in his own position as long as it holds a possibility of attack. And

don't ever make a mistake. With any other grandmaster you can hope to recover, but with Bobby, you're dead."

I knew it was silly, but I had to ask him: "Bobby, would you mind—uh—playing a game of chess with me?" He grinned and pulled out a wallet that was really a soft leather chessboard slashed with slits that held tiny sheet-metal chessmen.

I took white and advanced the king's pawn two squares. He advanced his queen's bishop's pawn two squares. I played slowly, thoughtfully. Fischer took about one second to make each move. I found this somewhat demoralizing. After five moves I asked him diffidently for the name of the attack I was developing. "Well, actually," he said, "it's a sort of a kind of a closed Sicilian defense. I guess."

On his twelfth move, Fischer took one of my pawns. Swelling with power, I took one of his pawns. But a few moves later I found myself a rook and a pawn behind. "Give up?" he asked. "Not until I'm mated," I said grimly. I didn't have to wait long.

Fischer softened the blow by autographing the record he had kept of the game. It's a great thing to produce during conversational lulls. "Amazed myself by holding on for 28 moves," I say modestly. "You know he once beat Grandmaster Yefim Geller in 22."

BRAD DARRACH

Miss Italy and Mario say 'I don't'

Inside the ornate church in Roverbella, Italy, the 120 wedding guests stared at one another in disbelief. At the altar the moment had arrived for the bride and groom to exchange the traditional vows. Instead the priest interrupted the mass and announced: the marriage is off.

It was not, the guests were relieved to learn, the result of a last-minute spat, nor another blow to matrimony in a country that is still quarreling bitterly over the recent passage of the first divorce law in its history. What happened was that three days earlier, the bride-to-be, Mara Palvarini, had been chosen to represent Italy in the Miss Universe contest in Miami

Beach. One of its strictest rules is that Miss Universe be a *miss*. Married ladies need not apply.

The rule came as a stunning surprise to Mara, who fretted all night about how to tell her fiancé about the complication. Although their wedding had been planned for months, fiancé Mario Pacchioni good-heartedly agreed she should have her trip to America. Then she faced up to papa, an ex-policeman named Rodolfo. He loved the idea of having Miss Italy in the family but said it was too late to get word to all the guests that the ceremony would have to be postponed.

At that point Mara did what good Italian girls with problems have been doing for centuries: she

went to the village priest. He was won over. They agreed on a non-ceremony.

This week Mara was displaying her 33-23-34 before judges in Miami Beach, her thoughts firmly on Mario back in Milan. "The officials wouldn't even let him come along," she said wistfully. "They said we would have to stay in separate hotels. I feel like I'm on a honeymoon without the bridegroom." After the contest, Mara will hurry back to Roverbella. There, sometime next month, she will become Signora Pacchioni in a small, quiet and, she insists, totally unsurprising ceremony. Unless, of course, she has the bad luck to win the title of Miss Universe.



The couple at the altar

A professor dresses up zoology

The professor was distressed. Students in his class in elementary zoology at California's Berkeley campus were showing signs of terminal boredom: glazed eyes, slumped shoulders, even an occasional snore. Despite his credentials as a scholar, Prof. Richard Eakin found that his lectures, which often dwelt upon zoological discoveries of the past, simply didn't mean much to modern-day students. What the course needed, he decided, was a gimmick.

Eakin's gimmick was a guest lecturer who had been dead for 300 years. Secretly, Eakin researched the mannerisms, speech and costume of the 17th-century physician William Harvey, who pioneered research in blood circulation. When it came time to discuss Harvey's work in class, Eakin hired a makeup man, rented an appropriate costume and appeared before his students as Dr. Harvey. The class sat spellbound for an hour, then gave Eakin an ovation. Since then, the professor has given portrayals of the other historical figures on these pages, always playing to a lecture hall packed with teachers and curious spectators, as well as hundreds of distinctly unbored students. More "guest lecturers" are on tap. This month Eakin began a sabbatical, during which he will bone up on the lives and lectern manners of Ivan Pavlov and Louis Pasteur.



Temporarily out of disguise, Eakin peers from his campus office doorway. In his own student days he frequently appeared in college plays.

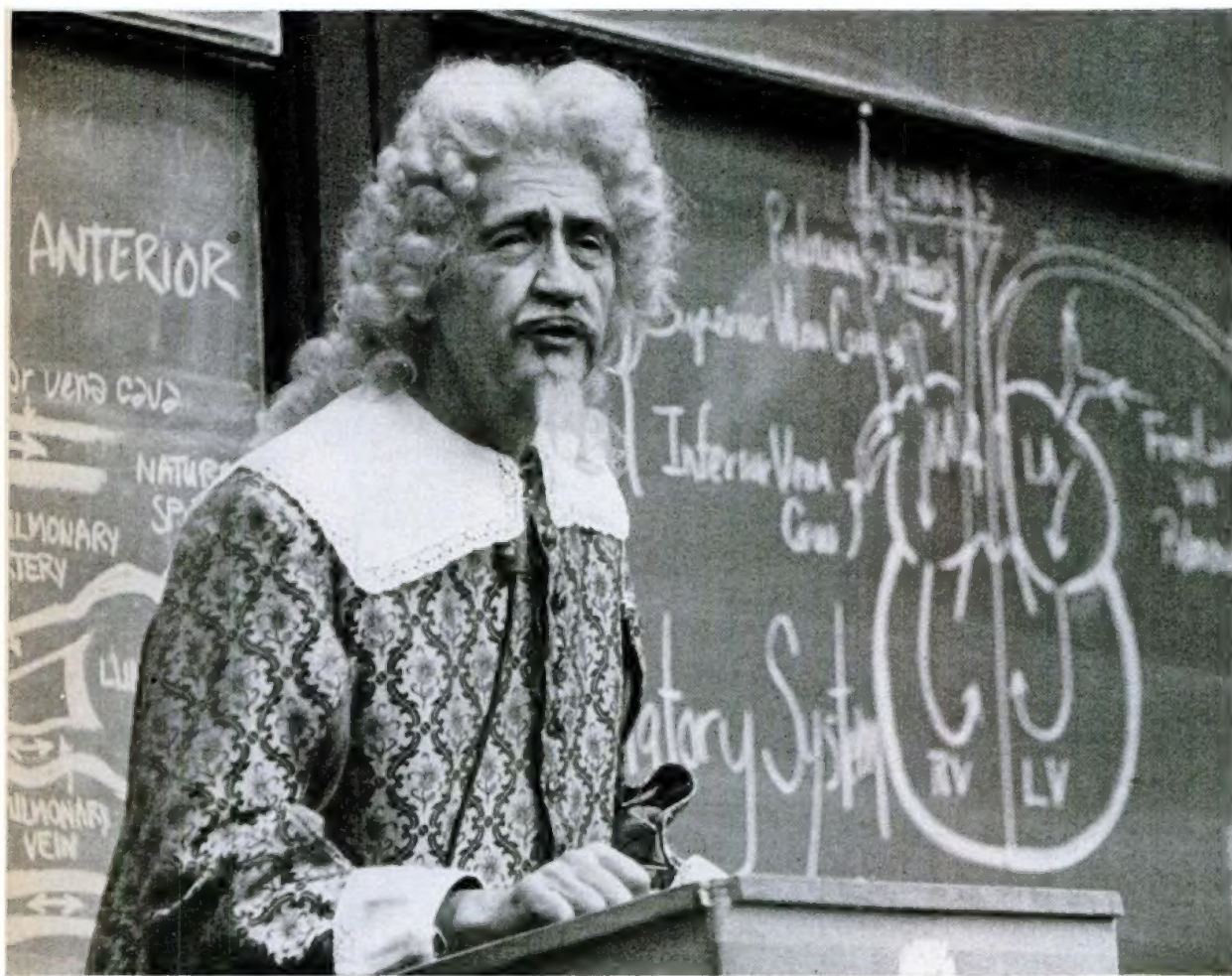


Gregor Mendel

In his characterization of the 19th-century Austrian abbot and botanist Gregor Mendel (right), Eakin draws charts to explain his experiments in heredity (above). To discover how certain traits are passed along from one generation to another, Mendel studied the simple

garden pea for a decade. He was obliged to work with plants, he told the students, because his bishop refused to allow breeding experiments using animals. When portraying Mendel, Eakin carried a pocketful of shelled peas, which he playfully pelted at the class.





William Harvey

As William Harvey, Eakin describes the blackboard drawings of the heart. He also demonstrated how valves of the organ worked by pumping tomato juice through a beef heart. To give 17th-century authenticity, Eakin mentions a new play he had recently seen by a writer named Shakespeare.



William Beaumont

In a U.S. Army surgeon's uniform, Eakin's William Beaumont describes the workings of the stomach, which he observed in 1822 in a man who had been accidentally shot.



Hans Spemann

Eakin's portrait of the late German zoologist and physiologist Hans Spemann includes some personal recollections, since Eakin studied zoology under the Nobel Prize winner at the University of Freiburg in 1935-36.



Charles Darwin

Eakin's characters sometimes digress from scientific fields and discuss philosophic concepts as well. As Darwin, Eakin admonishes his students to lead well-rounded lives. "Love science," he says, "but don't worship it."



PARTING SHOTS

Sharon Poole, girl star, gets the little league thumb



Ousted from little league baseball by Robert McCarthy (right) and other managers, Sharon Poole (above) is still welcome as pitcher on a girls' softball team.

She bats, she fields, she throws, but Sharon Poole is a girl. To the little league establishment of Haverhill, Mass., being a girl is an automatic out.

The 12-year-old redhead broke into the previously all-boy league last month at the invitation of Don Sciuto, manager of a team called the Indians. He needed a replacement for a vacationing player and had heard that Sharon was better than most boys. In her first game, she batted in the winning run. In the second, in spite of the pressure of photographers and an overflow crowd, she covered center field faultlessly. Sharon was delighted, but almost nobody else in the league was. The other managers, led by Robert McCarthy, demanded that Sciuto remove Sharon from the team. He refused. They overruled him and declared her to

be an ineligible player—on the technical excuse that she had not turned out for spring tryouts with the rest of the fellows. In a final indignity, they wiped the two Indian wins from the record.

In the uproar that followed, the managers were denounced by editorial writers, while Sharon was a guest on the *Dick Cavett Show*. Invariably, adults ask if she sees herself as a martyr in the cause of women's liberation. She replies, "All I want to do is play baseball."

Last week Haverhill Mayor James Waldron, up for reelection, proposed a bill that would end sex discrimination in city parks. By next season, little league baseball could be co-ed, but Sharon won't be in the lineup. By then she'll be 13, and too old for the league. There's always the majors.





Toyota introduces a hardtop. For times when you wish you had a station wagon.

THE NEW CORONA HARDTOP has a back seat that gets out of the way when you need more room.

Just fold it down. And long, clumsy items fit right through the trunk into the spot where the back seat was. Altogether, you get almost six and a half feet of continuous cargo space.

While the Corona gives you plenty of open space, it also comes pretty well filled. With extras that

don't set you back a cent.

A front passenger seat that flips down and slides forward all by itself. So you can get in and out of the back a lot easier.

Power brakes with front discs. Fully reclining bucket seats. Snap-out nylon carpeting. Locking glove box. Plenty of convenience lights. Trouble light. Tinted windows. Whitewalls. Wheel covers. Chrome trim. Bumper guards. And even a can of touch-up paint.

Under the hood the Corona has a 108-horsepower overhead cam engine that lets you cruise at 85

mph, yet still squeeze about 25 miles from each gallon of gas.

So you see, when you buy a Corona you get a roomy, practical, powerful hardtop.

Or is it a station wagon?

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

ELEVATORS ►

703

705-715

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

BABIES SHOWN
BETWEEN
2:30 PM - 3:30 PM
&
7:00 PM - 8:00 PM

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov., '70.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Copyrighted material